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TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house in meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day;
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long;
"Oh! if I could only trace once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy
How happy I would be!"

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROWSY JEUNE ET RISLER AINÉ OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

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BOOK II.

III.

THE BREWERY OF THE RUE BLONDEL.

Since his marriage, Risler had renounced the brewery. Sidonie would have been pleased to see him leave the house, in the evening, for an elegant club, a reunion of rich and well-dressed men; but the thought that he would return, smelling of the smoke of pipes, after having been in the company of his old friends, Sigismond, Delobelle, her father, humiliated her, made her unhappy. Hence he went there no more; and that caused him a pang. It was almost a souvenir of his native land, that brewery situated in a forgotten corner of old Paris. The paucity of carriages, the ground floor apartments with high screened windows, the fresh odors of drugs, of pharmaceutical productions, gave to this little Rue Blondel a vague resemblance to certain streets of Basle or of Zurich. The brewery was kept by a Swiss, patronized by Swiss. When the door was opened, across the fog of pipe smoke, the thick heariness of Northern accents, might be seen a vision of an immense low hall with hams hanging from the beams, of casks of beer in rows, of sawdust almost knee-deep, and upon the counter great salad dishes of potatoes mealy as chestnuts, baskets of pretzels coming out of the oven all sprinkled with white salt upon their golden knots.

For twenty years, Risler had had his pipe there, a long pipe marked with his name on the rack of the *habitues*, and his table at which some discreet, silent compatriots came to seat themselves, who heard and admired, without understanding them, the interminable discussions of Chebe and Delobelle. Risler once gone, the two last-named persons had in their turn deserted the brewery, for many good reasons. In the first place M. Chebe dwelt very far away now. Thanks to the generosity of his children, he had finally realized the dream of his whole life.

"When I become rich," the little man was always saying in his forlorn apartments in the Marais, "I will have a house for myself in the vicinity of Paris, almost in the country, a little garden that I will dig, that I will water myself. That will be better for my health than all the agitations of the capital."

Ah, well! he had his house now, and yet he did not amuse himself there!

It was at Montrouge, upon the *chemin de ronde*. "Little chalet with garden," said the bill, the square pasteboard of which gave a pretty nearly exact idea of the dimensions of the property. The wall papers were new and country-like, the paint fresh; a watering cask installed beside an arbor of bitter-sweet played the role of a strip of water. Add to all these advantages that only a hedge separated this paradise from another "chalet with garden" exactly of the same kind, in which dwelt the cashier Sigismond Planus and his sister. For Madame Chebe, it was a precious neighborhood. When the good woman grew tired, she carried out stocks of tricot and of articles to be mended under the arbor of the old maid whom she dazzled with the recitation of her former splendors. Unhappily her husband had not the same amusements.

All went well at first. It was mid-summer. M. Chebe, constantly in his shirt sleeves, made his installation. The least nail to drive in the house was the subject of lazy reflections, of discussions without end. For the garden, the same thing. He had at first decided to make it an English garden, banks always green, winding paths shaded by groves. The deuce of it was that the groves would take so long to grow.

"My faith! I think I will make it an orchard," said the impatient little man.

And behold him thinking only of borders of vegetables, beans in rows, peach trees trained against the wall. He dug for whole mornings, knitting his brows with a preoccupied air, mopping his forehead lavishly before his wife to make her say:

"Do take a little rest; you will kill yourself!"

After all, the garden remained mixed, flowers and fruits, park and kitchen-garden; and each time that he went to Paris, M. Chebe took care to ornament his buttonhole with a rose from his parterre.

Whilst the fine weather lasted, the good folks did not weary of admiring the sun setting behind the fortifications, the length of the days, the pure air of the country. Sometimes, in the evening, the windows open, they sang together; and before the stars of Heaven which lighted up at the same time as the lanterns of the belt railroad, Ferdinand became lyric. But when the rain came and they could not go out, what sorrow! Madame Chebe, consummate Parisienne, regretted the little streets of the Marais, her trips to the market of the Blancs-Manteaux, to the furnishers of the quarter.

Close by the window, at her post of observation and of sewing, she gazed at the little damp garden where the ropeweeds gone to seed and the nasturtiums stripped of their flowers had detached themselves from the frames with an air of discouragement, at the long straight line of banks always green, and a little further off, at the corner of a street, at the station of the Paris omnibusses with all the points of their routes painted in tempting letters on their varnished sides. Each time that one of these omnibusses started to depart, she followed it with her eye as an employe of Cayenne or of Noumea contemplates the packet boat which is about returning to France, made the trip with it, knew at what point it would stop, at what other it would turn heavily grazing with its wheels the windows of the shops.

A prisoner, M. Chebe became terrible. He could no longer garden. On Sunday, the fortifications were deserted; he could no longer promenade in the midst of the workmen's families taking their lunch upon the grass, go from one group to another, in the quality of neighbor, his feet in embroidered slippers, with the authority of a rich proprietor of the vicinity. This he missed above all, devoured as he was with the desire to be noticed. From that time, no longer knowing what to do, no longer having anyone before whom to pose, anyone to listen to his projects, his stories, the recital of the accident which happened to the Duke of Orleans—a similar one, you know, had happened to him in his youth—the unfortunate Ferdinand overwhelmed his wife with reproaches.

"Your daughter exiles us—your daughter is ashamed of us!"

She heard but that: "Your daughter—your daughter—your daughter—." For in his irritation against Sidonie, he disowned her, casting on his wife the responsibility of that monstrous and unnatural child. It was a true consolation for the poor Madame Chebe, when her husband got into one of the omnibusses of the station to go hunt up Delobelle, to whom colimaras were always disposable, and to pour into his bosom all the spite he had against his son-in-law and his daughter.

THE GYPSY QUEEN.

The illustrious Delobelle had also a grudge against Risler, and said voluntarily of him: "He is a scotch."

The great man had hoped to be an integral part of the new household, to be the organizer of fetes, th arbiter of elegances. Instead of that, Sidonie had received him very coldly, and Risler no longer took him to the brewery. However, the actor did not complain too loudly, and every time he met his friend, he overwhelmed him with officiousness and flattery, for he wanted to make use of him.

Weary of waiting for the intelligent director, not seeing appear the roles for which he had hoped so many years, Delobelle had conceived the idea of purchasing a theatre and of managing it himself. He counted upon Risler for the funds. At that time he had found upon the Boulevard du Temple a little theatre for sale, on account of the bankruptcy of its director. Delobelle mentioned it to Risler, at first very vaguely, in a manner altogether conditional: "It would be a good thing for somebody." Risler listened with his habitual phlegm, saying: "In truth, it would be a very good thing for somebody." Then to an overture more direct, not daring to answer "no" he took refuge behind: "I will see—later—I cannot say," and finally had pronounced these unfortunate words: "Let me see the plans?"

For eight days the actor had cogitated, made plans, executed calculations, waded between his wife and daughter who regarded him with admiration and grew intoxicated with this new dream. In the house, they said: "M. Delobelle is going to buy a theatre." Upon the Boulevards, in the actors' cafes, this acquisition only was talked of. Delobelle did not conceal the fact that he had found a backer; and that caused him to be surrounded by a crowd of actors out of employ, of old comrades who tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, reminding him of them. "You know, old boy!" He promised engagements, breakfasted at a cafe, wrote letters there, saluted with the tips of his fingers the people who entered, held very animated conferences in corners, and already two shabbily-dressed authors had read to him a drama in seven tableaux which "would fit him like a glove" for his opening piece. He said: "My theatre" and parties wrote him letters addressed "To M. Delobelle, Director."

When he had composed his prospectus, made his plans, he sought out Risler at the manufactory. The latter very busy gave him a rendezvous at the Rue Blondel; and that very evening Delobelle, arrived the first at the brewery, installed himself at their old table, called for a can of beer and two glasses, and waited. He waited for a long time, his eye upon the door, trembling with impatience. Risler did not come. Each time that anyone entered, the actor turned around. He had placed his papers upon the table and re-read them with gestures, with movements of the head and lips.

The venture was notable, splendid. Already he saw himself playing—for that was the essential point—playing in his own theatre roles made expressly for him, to his calibre, in which he would have all the effects.

Suddenly the door opened, and, in the smoke of the pipes, M. Chebe appeared. He was as surprised and vexed to see Delobelle there as Delobelle himself was to see him. He had written to his son-in-law that morning that he desired to converse with him very seriously and that he would await him at the brewery. It was an affair of honor, altogether between them, man to man. The truth of this affair of honor was that M. Chebe had given up the little house at Montrouge, and had rented in the Rue du Mail, in the busy quarter of trade, a store with an entresol. A store? Great Heavens, yes! And now he was a trifle frightened at his rashness, anxious to know how his daughter would take it, inasmuch as the store would rest very much more than the house at Montrouge and as he would have some heavy repairs to make, on taking possession of it. As he had known for a long time the kindness of his son-in-law, M. Chebe had decided to speak to him first, hoping to get him in his favor and to leave with him the responsibility of this domestic coup d'etat. Instead of Risler he had found Delobelle.

They stared at each other frowningly, with angry eyes, like two dogs who meet at the side of the same porringer. Each understood whom the other awaited, and they did not try to deceive each other.

"My son-in-law is not here?" asked M. Chebe, looking towards the memoranda spread out upon the table, and emphasizing the words "My son-in-law," to plainly point out that Risler belonged to him and not to the other.

"I await him," responded Delobelle, gathering up his papers.

His lips compressed, he added with an air dignified, mysterious, always theatrical: "It is for something very important."

"'Tis the same with me also," said M. Chebe, whose three hairs stood on end like porcupine quills.

And he sat down on the bench beside Delobelle, ordered as he had done a can of beer and two glasses; then, his hands in his pockets, his back against the wall and squared upon his seat, he waited. These two empty glasses, the one beside the other, provided for the same absentee, had an air of defiance.

And Risler did not come.

The two silent drinkers grew impatient, moved about upon the bench, each constantly hoping that the other would tire out.

At last, their ill-humor overflowed, and, naturally, it was the poor Risler who received all.

"How inconsiderate, to make a man of my age wait so long!" began M. Chebe, who never mentioned his age except under such circumstances.

M. Delobelle replied:

"I verily believe that he is fooling us."

And then the other:

"Monsieur, doubtless, had company to dinner."

"And such company!" said the illustrious Delobelle in a scornful tone, in whom smarting reminiscences revived themselves.

"The fact is—" continued M. Chebe.

They came close together and talked. Both of them had grievances against Risler and Sidonie. They gave themselves full swing. This Risler with his amiable ways, was at bottom but an egotist, a parvenu. They made fun of M. Risler, of his appearance, imitated some of his habits. Afterwards, they spoke of his household, and, lowering their voices, they became confidential, laughed familiarly, once more became friends.

M. Chebe went very far. "Let him look out! He has had the folly to allow the father and mother to go away from their child; if anything should happen, he will have nothing to reproach us with. A daughter who is without the example of her parents before her eyes, you understand!"

"Certainly, certainly," said Delobelle; "above all, as Sidonie has grown very coquettish. But what would you have? He will only get what he deserves. Should a man of his years have—hush—here he comes!"

Risler entered and approached, shaking hands with everybody all along the benches.

Before the three friends there was a moment of constraint. Risler excused himself as best he could. He had been delayed at home; Sidonie had company.—Delobelle bowed, made fun of M. Risler under the table, and whilst speaking the poor man, a little embarrassed by the two empty glasses which awaited him, knew not before which one he ought to seat himself.

Delobelle was generous.

"You have something to talk about, Messieurs, do not incommode yourselves."

And he whispered, making a sign with his eye to Risler:

"I have the papers."

"The papers?" said the other, perplexed.

"The plans," replied the actor in an undertone.

Then, with a great affectation of discretion, he sat down in a distant corner and resumed the reading of his memoranda, his head upon his hands, his hands over his ears.

Near him, the two others talked, at first in low voices, then higher, for the sharp and noisy voice of M. Chebe could not moderate itself long. He was not old enough to bury himself! He would have died of ennui at Montrouge. The Rue du Mail, du Sentier, the noise and the activity of the commercial quarters, these things were absolutely necessary for him.

"Yes; but a store? Why keep one hazarded Risler timidly.

"Why keep a store? Why keep a store?" responded M. Chebe, red as an Easter egg and raising his voice to the highest note of its register. "Because I am a merchant, Monsieur Risler. A merchant, the son of a merchant. Oh! I see what you are coming to. I have no trade. But whose fault is that? If those who shut me up at Montrouge, at the gates of Bicêtre, like a good-for-nothing, had had the spirit to furnish me the means for an enterprise—" Here Risler succeeded in imposing silence upon him, and only scraps of the conversation could be heard. "Store most advantageous —high ceiling—breathe better—plans for the future—gigantic enterprise—will speak at the proper time—many people will be astonished." Whilst seizing these fag ends of phrases, Delobelle grew more and more absorbed in his plans, behaved emphatically like a man who knows nothing. Risler, embarrassed, swallowed them time to time a mouthful of beer to keep himself in countenance. At last, when M. Chebe had become calm, and for cause, his son-in-law turned smilingly towards the illustrious Delobelle, on whose face he encountered a severe, impassible look which seemed to say: "Well! and me?"

"Ah, Great Heavens! 'tis true!" thought the poor man.

Forthwith changing chair and glass, he sat down before the actor; but M. Chebe had not the politeness of Delobelle. Instead of bolding himself courteously aloof, he moved up his glass and joined the group, so the great man, who did not wish to talk before him, solemnly for the second time put back his papers into his pockets, saying to Risler:

"We will see about this later."

Very much later, in sooth, for M. Chebe had made this reflection:

"My son-in-law is easy; if I leave him with this leech, who knows what he will get out of him!"

And he remained to watch over him. The actor was furious. Put off the affair until another day! Impossible, as Risler had told them that he should depart on the morrow to spend a month at Savigny.

"A month at Savigny!" cried M. Chebe exasperated to see his son-in-law about to escape him. "And your business?"

"Oh, I will come to Paris every day with George. 'Twas M. Gardinois who desired to see his little Sidonie again."

M. Chebe tossed his head. He considered this very imprudent. Business is business. One must be there, always there, in the breach. Who knows? The manufactory might take fire in the night. And he repeated with a sententious air: "The eye of the master, my boy, the eye of the master," whilst beside him, the actor,—whom this departure did not please either—made round his great eye and gave it an expression at once subtle and authoritative, the veritable expression of the eye of the master.

Finally, towards midnight, the last Montrouge omnibus took away the tyrannical father-in-law, and Delobelle could talk.

"In the first place, the prospectus," said he, not wishing to come immediately to the question of figures, and, his eye glasses upon his nose, full of emphasis, always acting, he began: "When we consider seriously the degree of decrepitude into which the dramatic art has fallen in France, when we measure the distance which separates the theatre of Moliere—" There were many pages like that. Risler listened, pulling away at his pipe, not daring to stir, for the reader at each instant glanced at him over the top of his eye glasses to judge of the effect of his phrases. Unfortunately, about the middle of the prospectus, the cafe closed. The lights were extinguished. It was necessary to depart. And the plans? It was decided that they should read them as they went along. They stopped under each gas lamp. The actor displayed his calculations. So much for the building, so much for the lighting up, so much for the right of the poor, so much for the actors. Upon this question of actors, he dwelt.

"The best part of the affair," said he, "is that we will not have to pay a leading man. Our leading man will be Bibi. (When Delobelle talked of himself, he generally called himself Bibi!) A leading man received twenty thousand francs. Not having to pay one, it is as if you were putting twenty thousand francs in your pocket. Is it not so?"

Risler did not reply. He had the uneasy air, the wandering eyes of a man whose thoughts are somewhere else. The plans being read, Delobelle, who saw with terror that they were approaching the turning of the Vieilles-Haudriettes, put the question plainly. Would he, yes or no, make the venture?

"No!" said Risler animated with a heroic courage which he drew above all from the vicinity of the manufactory and the thought that the fortune of his household was at stake.

Delobelle was stupefied. He had believed the affair sure, and terribly agitated, his papers in his hands, he stared at the other with glaring eyes.

"No," replied Risler. "I cannot do what you would have me, and this is why."

Slowly, with his habitual heaviness, the good fellow explained that he was not rich. Although partner in an important house, he had not means at hand. George and he drew each month a certain sum from the cashier; afterwards, at the inventory of the end of the year, they would divide the profits. His installation had been expensive, all his household disbursements. There were yet four months before the inventory. Where could he get the 30,000 francs which would have to be paid down for the acquisition of the theatre? And then after all the venture might not be successful.

"That cannot be—Bibi will be there!" Whilst speaking thus, the poor Bibi straightened himself up; but Risler was firmly resolved, and all the arguments of Bibi were constantly met by the same denials: "Later, in two years, in three years, I do not say—"

The actor struggled a long time, defending his ground foot by foot. He proposed to revise the plans. The thing might be done cheaper. "It would be always too dear for me,"—interrupted Risler. "My name does not belong to me. It is a part of the firm. I have not the right to pledge it. Suppose I should become bankrupt!" His voice trembled in pronouncing the word bankrupt.

"But then all will be in my name," said Delobelle, who was not scrupulous. He tried everything, invoked the sacred interests of art, went even so far as to talk of the little actresses whose exciting ogles—Risler laughed outright.

"Come, come, jester! What are you telling me about! You forget that we are both married, also that it is very late and that our wives are waiting for us. Without animosity, is it not? It is not a refusal, you understand. There! Come and see me after the inventory. We will talk it over again. Ah, there is Pere Achille putting out his gas. I must go in. Adieu!"

It was more than one o'clock in the morning when the actor returned home.

The two women were waiting for him, working as usual, but with something of the feverish and violent that they had not ordinarily. At each instant the large scissors which Mother Delobelle used to cut the hems with, were seized with singular quiverings, and the little fingers of Desiree, in train to mount an ornament, would have unusual vertigo to look at them, so swiftly they moved. Spread out upon the table before her, the long feathers of the hummingbirds seemed to have an extraordinary brilliancy, a color richer than formerly. 'Twas because a beautiful visitor called Hope had been there that evening. She had made this great effort of coming up five flats in a black stairway, and of half-opening the door of the little room, to fling in there a luminous look. Whatever deception Hope may have met in life, these magic glimmerings dazzle always.

"Oh, if father could succeed!" said Mother Delobelle from time to time, as if to resume a world of happy thoughts to which her revery abandoned itself.

"He will succeed, mamma, you may rest assured. M. Risler is so good, I will answer for him. Sidonie also loves us well, although since her marriage she has appeared to neglect her friend a little. But we must make allowance for situations. Besides, I shall never forget what she has done for me."

And at the remembrance of what Sidonie had done for her, the little lame girl threw still more feverish activity into her work. Her electrified fingers agitated themselves with redoubled quickness. It might be said that they were running after something fugitive, unseizable, like good fortune for example, or the love of some one who loves you not.

"What is it that she has done for you?" the mother might have asked; but what her daughter said did not interest her at that moment. She thought only of her great man.

"Ah, would you believe it, child? If father has his own theatre, if he plays as of old! You do not remember, you were too small then. But he had a great success, really. Imagine, at Alencon, the subscribers to the theatre gave him a golden crown. Ah, he was very brilliant at that time, and so gay, so happy. Those who see him now do not know him, my poor man, misfortune has so changed him. Oh, well! I am certain that it only needs a little success to give him back to us young and content. And then, they make money in the direction of theatres. At Nantes, the director had a carriage. Can you fancy us with a carriage? No! but can you just fancy it? It would be good for you. You could go out, leave your arm-chair a little. Father would take us to the country. You would see the water, the trees, you who so long for them."

"Oh, the trees!" said the pale little recluse in a low tone and trembling.

At that moment, the great door of the house was closed violently; and the faultless step of M. Delobelle resounded in the vestibule. There was an instant of anguish, without word or breath. The two women did not even dare to look at each other, and the great scissors of Mother Delobelle trembled so wildly, that they cut the brass all wrong.

Surely, the poor devil had received a terrible blow. His illusions overthrown, the humiliation of a refusal, the jests of his comrades, the note of the cafe where he had breakfasted on credit, all the time of his direction and which he would have to pay, all these things appeared to him in the silence and the darkness of the five flats as he came up stairs. He was overwhelmed with sorrow. However, the actor's nature was so strong in him, that upon this grief so sincere, he could not help putting a tragic and conventional mask.

Scarcely entered, he stopped, threw an unhappy look upon the work-room, the table loaded with work, his little supper which awaited him served in a corner, and the two dear, anxious faces lifting towards him brilliant eyes. The actor remembered fully a minute speechless, and the silence of a minute is long at the theatre; then he took three steps, fell upon a low chair beside the table, and said in a hissing voice:

"Ah, I am ruined!"

At the same time he struck upon the table a blow of the fist so terrible that the bowls and bugs for ornaments flew away to the four corners of the room. His frightened wife arose and approached him timidly, whilst Desiree half raised herself up in her arm-chair, with an expression of nervous anguish which contracted all her features.

Sunk down upon his chair, his arms thrown out, overwhelmed, his head upon his breast, the actor talked to himself. Monologue cut up, broken, traversed by sighs and by nervous convulsions, full of imprecations against the ferocious, selfish shop-keepers, those monsters to whom the artist gives his flesh and blood for food.

Then he went over all of his theatrical life, the triumphs of his debut, the golden crown of the Alencon subscribers, his marriage with that "salted woman;" and he pointed out the poor creature who stood before him, behind her tears, her lips trembling, nodding her head childishly at each of her husband's words.

Truly, anyone who had not known the illustrious Delobelle would have, after this long monologue, recounted all his life in detail. He recalled his arrival in Paris, his sorrows, his privations. Alas, it was not he who had suffered privations. It was only necessary to see his large blooming face the side those two women's faces long and thin. But the actor did not look so near him, and continuing to intoxicate himself with declamations:

"Oh," said he, "to have struggled so much! Ten years, fifteen years have I struggled, sustained, by these devoted creatures, nourished by them!"

"Papa, please stop," supplicated Desiree, with clasped hands.

"Yes, yes, nourished by them, and I do not blush because of it. For it was for art, for sacred art that I acted, and for those creations. But now it is too much. They have done too much for me. I renounce!"

"Oh, my friend, what are you saying!" cried Mother Delobelle throwing herself towards him.

"No, leave me. I am worn out. They have slain the artist in me. It is over. I renounce the theatre!"

Then if you had seen the two women wrap him in their arms, pray him to struggle again, prove to him that he had not the right to renounce, you could not have kept back your tears. Delobelle resisted, however.

Finally he succumbed, promised to hold out some time longer, since they wished it; but it took many supplications and caresses to bring him to that point.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the great man, fatigued by his monologue, solaced by the expansion that he had given to his genius, seated himself at one end of the table and supped with a good appetite, having kept from all that scene only a little weariness, like an actor who has played during the evening a role very long and very dramatic.

In a like case, the actor who has moved a whole theatre and shed genuine tears upon the boards, once in the street thinks no more of the circumstance. He leaves his emotion in his dressing-room at the same time he leaves his costume and wigs; whilst the spectators, more natural, more vividly impressed, return home with red eyes, touched hearts, and the over-excitement of their nerves keeps them awake for a very long time afterwards.

Little Desiree and Mother Delobelle did not sleep much that night!

IV.

AT SAVIGNY.

It was a great misfortune, that sojourn of the two households at Savigny for a month.

After two years, George and Sidonie found themselves again beside each other in the old property too ancient not to be always the same, and where the pebbles, the ponds, the trees, immutable, seemed a derision to all that changes and passes away. They should have been two souls otherwise incongruous, otherwise honest, that this nearness might not have been fatal to them.

As to Claire, never had she been so happy, never had Savigny seemed so beautiful to her. What joy to promenade with her infant over the mossy banks, where as a child she herself had walked, to seat herself a young mother upon the shaded benches from whence her mother had overlooked her romps of times gone by, to go recognize on the arm of George the smallest corners in which they had played together. She found a tranquil satisfaction, that full happiness of calm lives which enjoys in silence and all day her long wrappers trailed upon the paths, slackened by the little steps of the baby, her cries, her exigencies.

Sidonie took small part in these maternal promenades. She said that the noise of children fatigued her, and in this she found herself of accord with the old Gardinois, for whom everything was a pretext to oppose his grand-daughter. He thought he would annoy her by occupying himself only with Sidonie, and making for her still more fetes than at her last visit. The carriages, hired by the year in the neighborhood, and which they dusted once a week, because the spiders spun their webs upon the silk cushions, were placed at her disposition. They hitched up the horses three times a day, and the gate turned upon its hinges continually. Everybody in the mansion followed this worldly impulsion. The gardener took better care of the flowers, because Madame Risler rides the most beautiful to put in her hair at dinner-time; then came visits. They got up collations, parties at which Madame Fromont Jeune presided, but at which Sidonie, with her lively behavior, shone without a rival. Besides Claire often left her the place of honor free. The infant had hours of sleep and promenade, that no pleasure ever shackled. The mother was constituted in absence of herself, and even in the evening she was many times deprived of going with Sidonie to meet the two partners returning from Paris.

"You will excuse me," said she as she ascended the carriage.

Madame Risler was triumphant. Elegant, idle, she went galloping on horseback, unconscious of the rapid pace, without thinking.

The fresh wind which blew under her veil only partially aroused her. Vaguely, between her eyelashes half-closed, an inn perceived at a turn of the road, children badly clothed, dogs without a race near the ruts, recalled to her her old Sunday promenades in company with Risler and her parents, and the slight shiver, which passed over her at this remembrance, installed better in her her toilet softly draped, in the gentle rocking of the caleche, in which her thoughts fell asleep again happy and encouraged.

At the depot, other carriages were waiting. She was much gazed at. Two or three times she heard whispered very near her: "'Tis Madame Fromont Jeune," and the fact is that one might be deceived on seeing them. Whilst all three from the railroad, Sidonie at the back beside George, laughing and chatting with him, Risler opposite to them smiling peacefully, a little worried by this handsome carriage, light and elegant, placed like the others

MY NEIGHBOR OVER THE WAY.

BY E. A. B.

Alone in my attic chamber,
With casements dim and high,
And only a narrow, brick-bound glimpse
Of beautiful earth and sky.
I look from my dingy lattice,
Sweet neighbor over the way,
And watch thy garden beauties
Unfolding day by day—
I watch the magic blending
Of tremulous light and shade,
And weave my summer fancies
In a dream of thee, sweet maid!

The rosy peach-blooms falling
Are like the tints that chase
The tender, brooding pallor from
Thy virginal fair face.
The keen and fine emotions,
That leave their fleeting trace,
As sudden sunshine blushes through
An alabaster vase;
O, like the fitful flushing
Of soft auroral lights,
That kindle the cold loveliness
Of hyperborean nights.

The wide-blown purple pansies
Look at me with tiltine eyes.
The yellow glint is like the gold
That on thy brown hair lies;
All graceful shapes, all lovely hues
A likeness have to thee,
And in thy budding beauty find
A gentle rivalry.
And so in my lonely attic,
With toiling pen, all day
I weave my sweet summer fancies round
My neighbor over the way!

A DREAM
—OF—
SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Van Dexcall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER XIII.

Margot listened to me patiently, entered upon the subject, and answered my questions, but she knew how adroitly to draw off my thoughts from the painful impercipibly; she understood how to quiet me and to make me more cheerful again—to incite me to work and enjoyment. Then began the old conflict anew in me, in which she was my faithful, valiant ally. It was quite remarkable what a dear, real German woman's heart was hidden in this little, lively French girl—what beautiful fruit the years in Germany had born in her; the excellences of both nations were as if united in her in one harmonious whole.

Thus time passed, and the autumn came with its glorious, sunny days; the foliage began gradually to change color; the heat abated, and the refreshing, mild air attracted one out of doors into the forest. It was on a Saturday, when we undertook an excursion in a larger company to the *Bois de Vincennes*. We went by the railroad to *Nogent sur Marne*, lunched in the *Porte Jeanne*, and later took a walk through the park. It was a charming, sunny day; the grove swarmed with people and equipages. Margot, in a gray dress, simple yet remarkably elegant and tasteful, with floral veil, walked at my side, carrying a large bouquet of wild flowers. In picking them we had become separated from our party, and now hastened to overtake them. We wished to cross one of the larger streets, where whole lines of carriages were flying to and fro. While we stood there a moment, waiting for an opportunity to cross, I observed quite accidentally that Margot looked between the trunks of the trees after an elegant broughham, which had already passed us, and that she was somewhat alarmed.

Later in the course of the conversation, she asked me suddenly, without reference to what we had been saying:

"You will of course call upon the Blunts?"

"How did this thought occur to you just now, Margot?" I asked, astonished; "are not the Blunts still in Trouville?"

"No; they are back," she answered, shortly.

Much, much later it first struck me how hesitatingly she had said this, and how she avoided looking at me.

"Adda in Paris!" I cried. How hard my breath came! How the thought laid hold of and excited my heart! How it awoke all at once the most tumultuous and feelings! How weak is a poor human heart in its passions—how miserable, pitiful and feeble is its will! I was much agitated. There was a pause in our conversation.

"She is very glad to see you again," Margot first began.

"Do you really mean that? Do you mean that I should go to see her?"

"I consider that quite necessary, Monsieur; Adda would never forgive you if you did not try to find her—did not call on her. She is still always much interested in you, I know that."

I blushed deeply. Margot looked down to the ground, and while walking pushed small holes in the sand with the stick of her parasol.

I looked stealthily at her; she was quite a different person to-day; her voice had not its hearty, merry sound. What did it matter to her if I did go to see Adda? Did she fear that I should be captivated again, as formerly, by her charms—should attach myself to her triumphal car, and lie like a slave at her feet? Was Margot just a little jealous—perhaps in a woman's way; did she wish to keep me entirely in her own friend? Yet what a foolish thought was this; such a thing was inconsistent with Margot's magnanimous nature.

Secretly I watched her, while her veil concealed from me her features. She dropped her flower. I picked it up, and gave it to her. She smiled at me kindly, and following a sudden impulse, placed it in my buttonhole. Her face immediately became sunny again. Do you know where the Blunts live?" she asked, after a while, and this time in her usual tone: "In the Champs Elysées, Rue Galilée, No. 9, I believe."

With this we had overtaken our party, and were immediately drawn into conversation with them. Baron Virolle made a sarcastic little remark about the star-flower in my coat, but Margot did not hear him. Baron Virolle apparently courted Margot with earnestness, and I was in doubt whether he was agreeable or disagreeable to her; all events, he was frequently with her in the house, and also out on little excursions. There was little sympathy between us; he was rather foppish, and was pleased to appear blase. When we arrived at Vincennes I had an opportunity to tease Margot about him.

Why, why, something seems to be wrong with the Baron; do you not see that he is paying you much attention?"

"Well, would that be anything so unheard of?" she asked, in her turn, without blushing, looking roguishly at me.

"Then you like him?"

"Have I said so? He is a respectable young man, and quite distantly related to us, but he is like all the rest."

At Vincennes we took the cars and went home.

The next evening Margot's first question was: "Well, did you go to the Blunts?"

I was a little embarrassed and said no.

"I almost believe that you are afraid to see Adda again," she said, fixing her keen eyes earnestly upon me.

I took a chair, placing it close at her side, hesitated a moment, and then replied, with a sigh: "I believe you are right, Margot—of what use would it be? I am afraid to tear open old wounds."

"Notwithstanding the three years in which they have been healing?"

"Yes, in spite of those three years."

She moved her head gently. "And are you Germans all so constant in your affection?" she asked, with an attempt to smile. "Then there is really genuine manly fidelity in this world?"

"Alas! it must be so, Margot!"

"The adieu, then, is serious. You fear even now to see her because—because?—" she asked, hesitatingly.

"It must be so—how foolish, is it not? I said, naively.

"You see, Margot, I do not understand myself—that is just the worst of the matter. I was so unhappy! I struggled so long, and was comparatively quiet and happy again. I hate not had the wish to see Adda —not for years. Is it not better for us both that I should not visit Mrs. Blunt? I grope around like a fool in the dark; I am angry at myself for my irresolution."

Margot sat opposite me, grave and silent. She had leaned her head against the high back of her chair; the lamp-screen left her face in shadow.

"You see, Margot," I began anew, "there at the beginning I felt only sympathy for the beautiful girl; her yielding disposition, her trustfulness and innocence charmed me. Then came the thought: what happiness it would be to possess this beautiful being—to guide her. Later, when I knew what plans they had made for her, I felt deep pity for Adda—various romantic ideas haunted my brain. I believe I was then a similar feeling to that of the knights of old, who fought with dragons and such things to free their ladies and to receive the prize of love from their hands. I would rescue the fairy child, and lead her to my home. Never mind, laugh at me. I was full of imagination, a real German, romantic enthusiast. Once I would have renounced her, but then came that evening on the Basel, which overthrew all my beautiful resolutions at once. From that time I loved Adda with all the ardor of a pure heart—how hopelessly, you yourself know. When I had recovered from my relapse, Adda was the wife of another. At first I was stunned, crushed in mind; I thought I could not survive this disappointment, this pain. I remember that I beat my ball, which then shattered my arm, did not enter my heart. Then came the sense of duty, the feeling that I must live for my dear, old mother, and added to this wounded pride, which told me that Adda did not love me, never had loved me."

Thus I began on that evening to pour out my whole heart to Margot, to relate to her my conflicts and my struggles, my final recovery, and the happines which had again smiled upon me, the peace which I had at last gained, and my great joy at meeting her again, till we both cried like children, and she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes:

"Oh, my God! what a strange man you are! what a self-torment you have been! what a conflict you have had with a shadow!"

And then I thanked Margot for all her goodness and kindness. I called her the best, noblest heart, my most faithful friend. Ah! and with it all, I had no idea how fine a delicate fingers rested in mine, I suddenly remembered how Margot had brought that rose to me when I was so ill and deserted! Greatly moved, I left the house.

For days I received a letter from Margot, I believe it was the third day after our last conversation, in which she asked me if it would be agreeable to me to accompany her and aunt Chevalier (the other aunt was Madame d' Alancourt) to the opera. Of course I assented, and at half-past seven in the evening, stopped with a carriage before their residence in the Rue Dominique. I found Margot and her aunt already dressed. Margot wore a light silk dress, and her hair was arranged in a simple Grecian knot. She looked so pretty that I could not help speaking of it. She smiled kindly at me and appeared indeed flattered, for I believe my eyes expressed my admiration still more than my words. In truth, Margot showed a taste in dress which charmed every one—or did her gracefulness give to her toilette so peculiar an attraction? I conducted Madame Chevalier down the steps, assisted the ladies into the carriage, and we set out. My glass and I looked around. A flood of light—a garland of ladies in the richest, the most charming toilettes, sparkling with jewels; the white necks and arms, peeping out of a cloud of gauze and lace, really dazzled the eye. Some time was needed to become accustomed to this splendor, to find a single point of rest in this charming chaos. It was a fairy-like spectacle, these long rows of beautiful women in the boxes, who fluttered and displayed themselves in the radiant light of the girandoles and chandeliers on a background of green and gold. A soft rustling and murmuring swept over the space, a sweet perfume filled it almost to intoxication. After a general survey, my look fell again upon Margot, who sat before me. She turned her head, inquiring:

"How does it please you?" and looked at me with her dark, deep eyes.

It seemed to me that her eyes were larger and more brilliant to-night, but unconmonly grave, and that her complexion appeared paler than usual by gas-light. I must nearer to her, in order to talk with her. Then the overture began, and she turned to the stage. I listened awhile to the music, which was executed with a charming harmony and precision, but then I directed my attention to the audience. Seeing was still more interesting than hearing here, and I plagued Margot and her aunt not a little with my many questions: Who is this? Who is that?—then I examined with my glass the beautiful ladies, the princesses, duchesses and countesses so-and-so, to my heart's desire.

"Have you a good glass?" Margot asked me, as I was just looking intently at one of these stars.

I put down my glass and answered in the affirmative.

She motioned to me and I bent down to her; raising her finger, she pointed almost imperceptibly to one of the opposite boxes.

"Can you distinguish the person who stands there? He leans on the third pillar, and examines the audience."

I looked and was startled.

"Why?" I exclaimed, astonished, "that is certainly Mr. Howard. My God! is he also in Paris?"

"Certainly; he abandoned his diplomatic career because they wished to remove him to a distance, and now he lives here. Adda calls him her inseparable, and he is indeed always near her."

"In truth, that is very strange!" I cried, "what does he really do here?"

Margot smiled a little.

"You perhaps know that these Englishmen are often peculiar men," she said with something like her accustomed humor, "so capricious and full of hobbies. Have you never heard of the lord who has lived for years in a valley in Switzerland, in a shepherd's hut, opposite a large rock, which has a dangerous cleft in it and threatens soon to fall. That he may not lose this wonder of nature, this catastrophe, he stands day and night at the window and stares at the rock to see if it does not yet shake."

I did not rightly understand what Margot implied in this comparison.

"Indeed, I do not know what you mean."

"*O, mon Dieu*, how disagreeable to have to explain one's own remarks; can't you understand? The rock, the old cleft rock, that is in his way! Ah, at last you comprehend!"

Again I looked at this strange, persistent Englishman. Now, of course all was plain to me. How he gave me the fortress then; what a man! There he stood, pale and cold, leaning against the pillar, gazing into vacancy, it seemed to me that he looked considerably older and thinner than at former meetings. "Two days," I thought, and smiled with bitter irony—one goes this way, the other that—he does not yet give up hope then.

"Look particularly at Margot softly, "and see if the Blunts are not somewhere here; wherever Howard is, Adda is not far off."

I examined the boxes again, while my heart beat audibly, but I could discover her nowhere.

The curtain rose and the piece began. Nothing could be more charming and coquettish than the young gardener, with her straw hat every on her black curls, with her smile, with her white jacket and her short petticoat of red satin, as she stood on the ladder and cut off the clusters of grapes. Her little feet mounted round after round, and she sang loud and clear as a nitingale:

"Quand les raisins vont murir,
O, quel joyeux temps!"

She praised the charms of the autumn till the handsome young owner of the estate with his gun on his back suddenly stood at the foot of the ladder, and threatened to keep her there if she did not immediately give him her first bunch of grapes. He smiled up, she smiled down, and thus they teased and trifled a duet till a great dog jealously attacked the hunter, and under his protection the little girl quickly came down the ladder and provokingly ran away.

When she had gone, I again turned my glass on Mr. Howard and observed how he looked around, as the box near him was opened, and made a slow, still bow. I became quite breathless with expectation. Immediately after, two persons, a gentleman and lady, came forward and took their seats. My heart stood almost still; I dewas not mistaken; the arm-chair, smiling and beaming, this dazzlingly beautiful woman is Adda! She lays down her opera glass, arranges her dress a little, and graciously greets her acquaintances, nodding this way and that. Mr. Blunt then gives her the libretto, and with a little bow of thanks she looks up at him, opens her fan, then attentively examines the audience. Not the least of her gestures and motions escaped me; at this moment no one but Adda existed for me in the whole large house.

Then, then, was Mrs. Blunt, the admired, the courted!

Now I moved my glass a little and looked at her husband. The same pernke, the same high, bald forehead, the same bow, the same stereotyped smile and the same unrest. He does not sit quietly on his seat for an instant, his great opera glass—a real telescope,—wanders continually from box to box. Now he remains fixed, now he has found a familiar face, Uncle Blunt lowers his glass and waves his hand to Madame Chevalier and Margot; then he smiles, so that with unassisted eye, I see his large false teeth shine, and bends down to his wife.

A few brief words, a hasty gesture and Adda has recognized them, she smiles and bows. The aunt and Margot return the greeting, then call my attention to Adda. I involuntarily rise and bow. And now both glasses on that side were raised a moment to the eye and the bowing and smiling began anew, yet more briskly than before, and Mr. Howard actively joined. They whispered together, they nodded once more and I bowed again and observed that Mr. Howard looked steadily at us. I had without a feeling of being strangled. An inexpressible bitterness rose up in me.

What a meeting! Adda so beautiful, admired and happy, overwhelmed with all the blessings of this world, and I, whose life had once kissed her, who for a short space of time had imagined her my own—so insignificant, so small, and with a heart so torn, wandering around in the world, seeking rest and finding none!

Yes, Adda was beautiful! How had I, poor mortal, ever dared to stretch out my hand after this costly jewel—after Adda, who was worthy to adorn a throne! How my heart beat, while I continually looked at her as if my eyes were under a spell through her fascinations—what an oppressive, consuming emotion in my breast! And yet, what was the matter? Did I not see her again—her—Adda? I did not know till this moment how I had always secretly longed for this meeting, for the mere sight of her, as one perishing with thirst longs for the spring, and that I had been too cowardly to confess it to myself!

Madame Chevalier roused me out of my gloomy meditations by asking me behind her black fan how I found Mrs. Blunt. "Oh she is beautiful, is she not? A veritable *beaute de sensation*. Everybody admires and courts her, her acquaintances call her *la belle* Muscovite."

"But I consider her beauty truly German," I answered briskly.

Margot just now turned round to me, it occurred to me involuntarily that her eyes were sad to-night and that she appeared unhappy.

"You must, of course, go to pay your respects to Adda in the intermission," she said gravely.

"Oh, certainly," I replied quickly.

Margot turned to the stage and sat quiet and motionless. Again my glance flew over to the opposite box.

Adda sat, her fan in her hand, leaning back in her corner, she gently moved the glittering toy and looked over it now at the stage, now back into the interior of the box, one of the shadows of which dark eyes gleamed and small and large boards appeared. She bent her beautiful white neck and laughingly spoke to the gentleman behind her, and then again, when our eyes met, she bowed and waved a greeting to me with her fan. Seldom did she make any reply to what her husband whispered to her and she completely ignored Mr. Howard, her inseparable. For many times Adda allowed her arm to hang over the balustrade of the box. What a beautiful, white arm it was, how perfectly moulded, worthy of a Canova! The diamonds sparkled on her delicate wrist and with her small, rosy fingers she sometimes unconsciously beat time to the music, and two or three times she eagerly applauded. Neither Mr. Howard nor I lost one motion or look of hers.

Thus the first act passed. The curtain fell, a storm of applause shook the house, then Margot said:

"Now go quickly."

Hesitating and agitated I rose. Margot looked at me gravely, and with a peculiar expression, said:

"Do not stay too long."

Midway of the vestibule Uncle Blunt met me.

"Ah, Monsieur Wagner, *c'est vous, on le suis venu de nous revoir!* Where did you come from, how long have you been here, how are you? Haven't seen you for so long, ha! ha!" he exclaimed, giving me his hand and drawing up his eyebrows. With that he smiled and moved uneasily on his feet.

"How well and handsome you look," he continued, slipping his hand through my arm, "*venez, mon ami*, quick, you must go to Mrs. Blunt, she can scarcely wait a moment to see you; *vite, vite*, or I shall receive a curtain lecture, *comme il faut*. You know these ladies, mon Dieu, have us poor husbands completely under their control. But, perhaps, you are not yet married, eh? No? so much the better, only do not lose your heart to that little witch, Margot, the little gipsy! What a charming, elegant woman she has become, *n'est ce pas?* But I tell you, my dear fellow, there is in all Paris only one woman, and that is my Adda. Well, here we are, you shall judge for yourself. Here is Mr. Wagner, here I bring him."

With that he pushed me quietly into the box.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DAINTY DISHES.

Nothing is more difficult than to induce a man, civilised or uncivilized, to eat a new kind of food. The celebrated Captain Cook relates a story of his first visit to the Sandwich Islands which illustrates this principle. The King of Owyhee was invited to dine with him on board his ship, and as, a great dainty, his Majesty was induced to inaugurate the feast with a mouthful, which article of food of course, was entirely novel to him. No sooner, however, had he tasted the bread than he spat it out with every symptom of disgust, and declining positively all further venture of like kind, returned ashore to his customary repast of roasted dogs and decayed fish.

The quantity of food eaten, as well as its nature, is interesting. A gentleman on a visit to New Zealand, related to the native tives of that island went out to the shore after what might be considered a most hearty supper, and finished the half paired carcass of a shark at one moonlight banquet.

Twenty pounds of meat, and a like quantity of oil per day, is regarded by the Esquimaux as barely sufficient to sustain nature, as Sir John Ross tells us; and a Tongotese would consider himself on short allowance if on less than forty pounds of reindeer meat per day. A Russian admiral states that he saw three Yakutes devouring a whole reindeer at one sitting. Gastronomic power in perfection, this.

It is generally admitted that the most civilized nations are the most liberal in their gastronomic tastes. Next to the Esquimaux whose ultra-civilization allows them to tolerate half-hatched eggs, shark's fins, and bird's nest soup, comes the Englishman. What prejudices have not our modern travelers exploded? Captain Cook vouches for the excellence of a dog, boiled or roasted. Mr. Buckland ate a boa-constrictor, and found its flesh exceedingly white and firm, tasting much like veal. Dr. Shaw says lion flesh also resembles veal. Dr. Darwin is a great admirer of puma, the American lion; Dr. Brook found melted bear's grease not only palatable, but delicious, and a Gottenburg enjoyed monkey, though before dissection it looked disagreeably like roast child; and lastly, Gordon Cummings was loud in his praise of boiled elephant's trunk and feet. The cooking of these is described as follows: —A pit is dug, stones are heated in it, and when all is ready two men shoulder a foot and dump it in. When the hole is full the first feet and a few shovelfuls with a good-sized pit; the heated stones are put on the mass, leaves are placed over the stones, earth over the leaves and the hungry hunter impatiently awaits the unearthing of his savory mess.

THE SHAPE OF THE EAR.

Amongst the interesting relics of Mozart exhibited to the public gaze at Salzburg, is a drawing of his ear "showing an abnormally large "bell," as though nature intended him to be a gifted listener. It is noteworthy that in all portraits, except those painted by the sun itself, next to the boots, the ear seems to present to the painter the greatest difficulty. It is rarely the case a shoe beautifully drawn; perhaps it is still rarer that the ordinary covering for the foot presents anything that can be made beautiful, even by a skilful draftsman. With the ear the observer cannot help remarking the same absence of individuality. Anything will do for an ear, and a dash or two, that would stand equally properly-pressed a shoehig, or an early oyster, should do duty for the above organ.

The "infinite variety" of shape in ears will immediately strike the observer as amply sufficient to account for preference being given either to "Tommy make room for your uncle" or *Lohengrin*. Just as in the eye there may be color-blindness, so in the ear there is melody, or harmony deafness. Many possess eyes that do not see identically, so do many possess ears that do not hear identically. One eye sees a little asiant of the other; precisely so with the ear. "First pull the mote out of thine own eye" might most justly be supplemented with the kindred exclamation, "First remove the obstruction from thine own ear, and then shalt thou hear clearly what grailles or annoys, as the case may be, thy brother's ear." If a man have a defective eye, he would not be likely to win the prize in a rifle contest; so, with an imperfect ear, there must necessarily be a faulty musician. The hidden causes of perfection may be numerous and profound; yet some causes that prevent perfection being attained, or even hoped for, are patent to every one.

Small ears are invariably under great disadvantage. Large ears are usually indicative of a more comprehensive taste. A narrow "harp"—or harp-like opening—always denotes a good ear for music. If the harp is very regular, you may safely prognosticate a correct intonation. For a singer the rim must be very even and the circle unbroken. Any protuberance on the rim, or hollow will cause a slight discrepancy of intonation—the singer will not be at all times alike. Some have a double harp; this is dangerous to the success of the singer. A perfect double rim is, on the other hand, highly advantageous; this is, however, open to the weakness of being easily satisfied with sweet sounds of any kind. The ear with no rim is the most delicate of the set, so please; it appears to receive, almost as it were by selection, only the best sounds—ordinary sounds have no attraction for it. These are a few of the leading features of the ear. Seeing that we have casts of pianists' hands, would it not be as instructive to have casts of composers' ears? Surely the one is as important to the musical student as the other.

FORMER TREATMENT OF INSANITY.

While men believed that madness meant possession by a demon, it is not difficult, perhaps, to account for the superstitious and brutal treatment shown to the unfortunate; but the reader will be amazed by the details of the scientific devices, happily of a past age planned for the cure of the unsound. One of these was to cause the sufferer to walk across a floor, which suddenly giving way, dropped him into a bath, where he was half drowned. Another mode of torture was to let the patients down in a well, in which the water made gradually to rise, frightened them with the prospect of an awful death. Within the memory of men still living, the patients of Bethlehem Hospital, (Bedlam,) chained to the wall like wild beasts, were shown to the public on certain days of the week at the charge of two-pence a visitor; and were to be found in their cells, crouching on straw, with nothing but a blanket for clothing. George III. in 1788 was subjected to a uselessly severe treatment, being constantly tortured with the strait-waistcoat, and denied the society of his wife and children. He recovered a few weeks after the substitution of kindness for severity. A Parliamentary committee, which elicited the horrors of mad-houses in 1815, did much to put a blow against the system of restraint of the insane; but it was not before the early years of the present reign that the old order of things finally yielded to the beneficial treatment set on foot by Drs. Gardiner, Hill and Connolly.

HARMONY IN COLORS.

Color decoration in particular offers a broad field for the crude attempts of the ignorant in the mingling forms and less harmonious tints, instead of gratifying, are likely to become an outrage to good taste. Now, in order to overcome this, one of the best ways is to consult a book that should be for us to establish in the theory of complementary colors. We know almost instinctively that blue will not harmonize with green, and that red will, but the theory upon which this combination is based is not vaguely understood. We remember learning in our natural philosophy that white is the reflection of all colors, that is, that all the primary colors are reflected from it. It is the general impression that there are seven primary colors, viz., those seen in the rainbow, whereas there are but three—blue, red, and yellow.

Green, orange, and purple are secondary colors, produced by the admixture of the primaries. Thus blue and yellow produce green; and blue and red, purple.

The mixture of these again produces what are called tertiary colors—citrine, russet, and olive; orange and green forming citrine; purple and orange, russet; and green and purple, olive.

A knowledge, also, of the quantities in which these colors harmonize is requisite, the whole system being to combine them in the proportions which produce white, which in the primaries are found red, three of yellow, and eight of blue; in the secondaries, thirteen of purple, eleven of green, and eight of orange; and in the tertiaries, twenty four of olive, twenty one of russet, and nineteen of citrine.

A primary color—say, red—juxtaposed to the secondary green, which is its complimentary (being composed of the two primaries), and the two yellows duly arranged in the above proportions, produces the harmony required. It is also a fact that in looking at any color, its complimentary color is developed in the eye, and if placed in juxtaposition with it, makes the green greener and the red more intense, whereby richness of effect is produced. And in reading of the primaries, that blue, orange, also yellow and purple, are harmonious, for in each case all the colors producing white when mixed in the right proportions are present.

Where any of primary colors are placed together, the contrast is apt to become too violent, producing, we might say, something of a swimming sensation. If these, however, are separated by small incisive lines of white, this dazzling effect may be obviated.

By certain combinations, colors may have an enlivening or deadening effect. For example, blue is a cold, quieting color, while red is warm and exciting, and they can be made to affect be mind in any manner desired. Again, prominence or subordination may be given to their employment. For instance, blue produces the effect of distance, and if placed upon the ceiling, causes it to appear higher, or if in a recess, it deepens it. Yellow on the contrary appears to advance toward the eye, and if used upon the ceiling, will seem to lower it, or if upon a projecting moulding, will exaggerate its prominence. While red is the only color that remains stationary. It is as painful to the eye to see lines inharmoniously disposed as are discordant sounds to the musical ear.

WOMEN'S BUDGETS.—Women are burdened with feathers, birds, everything more than they know what to do with; they stand like a hedge of sweet peas, throwing out fluttering tendrils every where for something high and strong to climb up by, and when they find it, be it ever so rough in the bark, they catch upon it.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CRACKED HANDS.—For cracked hands, caused by hard labor, as chopping, pounding with a hammer, etc., rub the hands dry, and with common copal varnish, and they will speedily heal.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Take seven lbs. of apples, four lbs. of sugar, one qt. of vinegar, one oz. of cinnamon, and one of cloves. Then here is another recipe not so rich. Two qts. of vinegar, four teacups sugar, two oz. cloves, two of cinnamon.

CANE CHAIR BOTTOMS.—To clean and restore the elasticity of cane chair bottoms, turn the chair bottom upwards, and with hot water and a sponge moisten the cane, work well, so that it is well soaked. Should it be dirty, use soap, let it dry in the air, and it will be tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

TO CURE BURNS.—Take a large handful of sweet clover, a piece of mutton tallow as large as a goose egg, if you have it half mutton suet will answer, and simmer them together, and then strain; then add half as much beeswax as tallow, and half as much resin as bees' wax, and melt together, and you will have an excellent salve for burns, and useful for many other purposes.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Furniture that has lost its polish, from age and neglect can be restored in appearance by use, can be much improved by rubbing them well with a woolen rag covered with a mixture of linseed oil and paste made by stirring it parts of finely sifted fresh tripoli powder to 2 parts of linseed oil and of turpentine, and allowing the mass to cool. The articles should be finally rubbed off very thoroughly with a soft cloth.

TO CURE CORNS.—Take a lemon and rub it until it is soft; cut a thick slice and bind it on the corn on retiring at night, let it remain long, if the corn is white and disintegrated, pull it out with your finger nails, and shell out the corn. Sometimes several applications of the lemon slices will be necessary, but the corns are bound to succumb, and you can go dancing next night if you like. After you remove the corns, wear shoes that fit and are not too stiff in the soles.

BREAKING GLASS.—An easy method of breaking glass to any required form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass, then make the end of a piece of iron red hot in the fire, apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass in any direction you please; crack will be made and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the same manner, applying round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, setting it on fire, and when fastened to the glass. The process is familiar to old campaigners, with whom glass bottles are more plentiful than bullets, and the former is thus utilized to supply a want of the latter.

THE ART OF STEWING.—Stewing is a gradual simmering. It may be done in a saucepan over the fire, or in a stone jar which will stand the fire, with a well fitting lid tied on tight. The common red jar is not to be recommended, as the glaze with which the inside is coated is composition of lead, often of a very injurious character. Stone jars are preferable to metal saucepans; they can be easily cleaned and they retain the heat better. Stewing is the most suitable mode to draw blood. The quantity of water should be very little, and the fuel small. Long, slow simmering in little liquor will be very rich, and it can easily be reduced, if necessary, with warm water. Add a little salt and pepper, but if it is to be a thick stew, the salt is best added toward the end of the cooking, as the former draws the juices of the meat. Peas boiled with salt pork will remain hard throughout the cooking. Bring the water gradually to the boiling point, skim the scum, and let the contents simmer until there is no more to skim, and then let the liquor. Remove all the fat, which can be taken with bread, or used for puddings or fry-ing. All cold cuts of meat will be found good for a stew. They may be used together or separately, according to taste or convenience. The better the meat, the better the stew; but by careful stewing the coarsest and roughest parts will become really delicious and delicately flavored, which would not be possible by any other cooking. All the gristly parts, shanks, knuckles—should be stewed. There is no other way of cooking these parts to advantage. For the feet, the whole season of legs of mutton, and pieces of bone and gristle are often thrown away as useless. The economy or thriftlessness spent in the purchase of bones —although containing little meat, they contain thirty per cent. of nutriment—may often be made to yield excellent food; large bones should be broken. The small pieces and allowed to simmer till every piece of bone is white and dry. As a rule, vegetables, except potatoes, may be cut into slices and cooked in the stew; or, if preferred, they may be cooked in a separate pan. Onions, leeks, Carrots, turnips, parsnips, swedes, cabbages, peas, potatoes, celery, broccoli, vegetable marrow—any or all of these may be used in a stew.

POLLY'S REVENGE.—Mrs. H.'s parrot was fond of crackers and milk; so was Tom, the cat, who would watch his chance to rob poor Poll's tin cup, running his long fore-paw through the bars of the cage, and taking out piece by piece until the dish was empty. Poll would look on, sitting by the side of the cage, Polly, as usual, scratching his head and whispering in an unknown language, when, as sudden as a flash of lightning, he grabbed the cat's tail in his bill and bit off nearly an inch, as if it had been done with a knife. Then such roars of triumph, laughter, and fun; he did not stop screaming for an hour. Tom stole no more.

BE KIND.—Deal out kindness and favors with an unsparing hand. The cause you understand not search out. If you cannot find happiness by direct search try another plan. Make others happy, and see if that does not make you rich indeed.

PASSION.—A passionate and revengeful temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, and robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature.

Dr. T. F. Gouraud has acquired a reputation as the leading Cosmetician of the United States. His unquestioned preeminence has generally secured him in a long career from the assaults of the envious and charlatans, and which, who no other trade on his talents and success or others. But the medical fact cannot keep the wing for ever, and escape the snot of those who aim their poisoned darts at the object of their envy. Of such character are recent attempts made to detract from the just esteem of his famous ORIENTAL CREAM AND MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER, by the use of a name almost so gross and bare faced is the imposition. "feele excited upon in justice to himself and the ladies who for so many years have placed confidence in the genuine Oriental Cream in the most emphatic terms. The device," the Doctor continues, "is as shallow as it is malignant and now that I have the opportunity to expose it, once for all, I will not let them con. spirators against my reputation and my purse with impunity." Trading upon another man's well and hard earned name is not exactly the method of meeting a patent of nobility with the American public, and fortunately Dr. T. F. GOURAUD'S patrons belong to the class of the cultivated, tasteful and discriminating. They can distinguish brass from gold at sight. The attempt to imitate the Doctor's signature is an enforced compliment to the high character of the originals, and instead of diminishing their hold upon the popular estimation only serves to increase it. In the same way as a noble stream or current is only made more bendy and to rush on with greater force by attempted obstructions. No articles presented to the public have ever received warmer or higher encomiums than Dr. T. F. GOURAUD'S preparations. These have been furnished by ladies of fashion, actresses of great renown, eminent and men of science, including leading members of the medical faculty. These have approved of them on the score of taste, utility and safety. We have finally only to refer to the great depository where these authentic "indispensables" are prepared and sold—namely, at the Emporium of Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, No. 48 to Bond Street, New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D. 1877

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Saturday Evening, January 20, 1877

BREAKING THE WILL.

Most children have a will of their own; if not they are sadly deficient. A very resolute little will it is sometimes, which should cause the heart of the parent to rejoice, for no one thing is more needed in this world than people who know how to resolve on a thing and then to stick to it; to form a purpose and carry it out; Jacksons, Wellingtons, Lincolns, and such like.

Many well meaning people believe that the will of the child should be broken, as they term it, meaning thereby that the child should be compelled to instant unquestioning obedience to the commands of those having him in charge. To bring about this pliable, submissive state, the greatest harshness and even cruelty must be used, rather than the will should be left unbroken. Stories have gone the rounds relating how a rebellious child has been whipped or starved into submission, with the triumphant conclusion that after this, there was no opposition, and the child thenceforth was a pattern of obedience.

Suppose similar treatment to be applied to a watch whose mainspring asserted itself too strongly, sending the hands ahead of time. Break the spring! After that the only way to get the time from that watch will be to turn the hands with a key and make them point right. We regulate the watch and the spring comes to time all right.

A child's will should be regulated—not broken. He may be educated to use his strong will in the right direction. This may require the exercise of all the skill and patience which love can inspire, but it will amply repay the effort. If he be forced to depend upon and implicitly follow the will of another, he may become a ready tool, and where evil counsels prevail he will not resist. If he be taught to decide for himself, and be properly led to decide right, he may become such a leader as society needs.

STREET CAR EDUCATION.

The city street cars are a great public school, in which not a few civilizing lessons are taught and practically enforced. Observe that new pupil just entering on his elementary exercises. He has recently come to town from some out-of-the-way place where neighbors were few, where he was of considerable importance, and where a large part of the little world in which he moved was carried on principally for his benefit. He is self-reliant, self-important, self-seeking; perhaps not selfish in the grasping or churlish sense, but very *self-y* every way.

His first glance about him now is half inquiring, half obtrusive; inquiring as to what his fellow-passengers think of him, obtrusive as claiming that they shall be interested in what interests him. His entrance into the village store has always been the occasion of an interchange of inquiring glances with all the strangers present, usually followed by remarks leading up to acquaintance and some degree of fellowship. Now, to his surprise and a little to his chagrin, scarcely a person seems conscious of his presence. He feels uncomfortably shut out and more lonely in the crowd than when alone with himself where he always has appreciative company.

Presently he seeks relief from this oppressive solitude by addressing a remark to his next neighbor. The reply may be courteous, but it is also likely to be curt, and the ice does not remain broken. He takes it as a snub, retires indignantly within himself, and has enough to think about for the rest of his ride. His first ideas will be resentful; "Those city folks are wonderfully stuck up," etc., but presently, as he cools down, there will be the glimmer of the thought that he is perhaps of not quite so much importance as he supposed.

He has taken his first lesson, but it is only a beginning, and again and again, here a little and there a little of the same kind of experience will finally bring him into proper adjustment of himself with his fellow-passengers. When thoroughly taught, he will have learned an important lesson, the art of unobtrusive consciousness of his surroundings, and will recognize the fact that there are other selfs besides himself. These ideas may not be present to his mind in so many words, but their impression will be seen in his bearing, and so his rough edges will have been somewhat rounded by needful attrition, and he is prepared to move more easily and comfortably among his fellow-men.

"LIVELY AS A CRICKET."

Why cricket?
Why not grasshopper?
The grasshopper can jump twice as fast, and twice as far as the cricket.

The liveliness of grasshoppers collectively considered is magnificent and appalling. They jump by the square mile!

Kansas and Nebraska will testify that grasshoppers out there often monopolize the liveliness of the whole country.

Flies, individually or collectively, are so pre-eminently frisky, one would think them more deserving than crickets, of being permanently done up in the amber of an ornamental figure of speech.

Personal animation however, does not reach its limit, even in the perpetual and pertinacious fly.

Consider the flea!

He is the embodiment of skip.

He is so full of salutary energy, he cannot contain it all. He diffuses alacrity, inspires with energy, and affords an object of active pursuit, as illusory as hope.

The devouring grasshopper,the troublesome fly, the tormenting flea; these are their distinguishing titles; selfish all.

Doubtless the cricket has his selfish traits, but they do not boldly assert themselves; he keeps them to himself, where they belong.

Other insects come at one open mouthed, aggressive, pronounced. They demand a living at whatever or whosever expense.

Not so the cricket. Down in his burrow, under the hearth stone, he sings his little song to keep himself in spirits and entertain his family, and the pleasant notes bring lively cheer, and hopes of better times to the willing listeners above.

And that is why with smiling approbation we label him the lively cricket.

NO. THANK YOU.

SPARTA, Ill., Jan. 6, 1877.

Editor of Saturday Evening Post:

Allow me to say that I like many things in your paper, and only wish there was more of it. Your views on such subjects as you treat of are generally sound, and forcibly expressed, which shows that you might exert a powerful influence if you would commment upon the topics which are so greatly occupying the attention of most men.

Why can you not use your pen to express your sentiments on the political situation, and give such counsel as your experience would enable you to do? Surely in view of the great wrongs which are being perpetrated you might lend your voice for the right.

Those suggestions are not given in a fault finding spirit, but with a hope that you may increase in influence and power, and I trust they will be taken as kindly as they are meant.

Yours, with respect, J—— R——.

Thank you, friend J. R., for the kindly spirit and complimentary style of your remarks. But consider a moment. After a thorough-going Fourth of July celebration, for instance, such a one as occurred last year, when everything which could make a noise was used to whiz, boom or bang was let loose, was it not a relief next morning to hear the birds sing, the cows low, or even the milkman give his familiar cry?

We know that thousands turn to the POST with pleasure for relief from the racket of politics, glad to hear of something besides returning boards, bulldozing and partisan strife generally.

Hammering and punching and filing are all very well in a machine shop, but sadly out of place in the parlor or library. You surely would not ask for a steam whistle attachment to your piano!

Let the "organs" thunder away at the world and each other; let the political athletes wrestle with facts and figures belonging to their business. The POST has a different mission, attractive enough to employ all our energies—to minister to home culture and brighten life. Succeeding in this, we shall be content to let others win the prizes which stimulate and embitter political strife.

EAST LYNNE AND LUCILLE WESTERN.

The old-time readers of this paper will remember Mrs. Wood's thrilling story of East Lynne, which first appeared in this country in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was subsequently dramatized by Clifton W. Tayleure, then a reporter on the Baltimore *Sun*, for Lucille Western. Her success in this piece was immediate; it made her famous, and she at once became a leading star, and the piece has been successfully performed in every city of the Union.

The uncertainty of life finds an illustration in the sudden termination of her career. During the first week of January she filled an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, though she evidently labored under physical disabilities. During the second week of this month we read of her sudden death, only one night after her appearance at a matinee in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Western was noted not only for her native talent as an actress, but for her unusually generous nature. She always had an open hand for the needy, and it is said, has played for more charity benefits than any other actress on the stage.

CORRECTION.—The pleasant notice of this paper headed "A Post to Tie to" recently credited to the Gainesville *Gazette*, appeared in the Port Vincent *Triune*, La., a spicy paper which knows how to say a good thing, and should have been credited accordingly.

THE crow cannes are now abundant, but they tell of a hard winter rather than an early spring.

ELLA.

BY CHAS. S. LARNED.

Where the shadows dance fantastic
On the sun's highway,
Speaking in their shapes prophetic
Of life's little day—
I journeyed with my trusting Ella—
With my Love, whose name was Ella,
Towards a mighty sea.

Oft I whispered to her feeling
That we then might be
[For the shadows grew less fleeting]
Near the hidden sea;
But she answered always laughing—
Lovely, young, and ever laughing,
That it could not be!

Then the demons in the flowers
Laughed at her and me,
And from the sky there came in showers,
Hail to make the sea:
Which roiled until my fair-haired Ella—
My dove-eyed, trusting pure-souled Ella,
Sank away from me.

Ever now I wander dreaming,
By this cruel sea,
And the tide of life is stealing
Dear, and close to me,
For since I lost my lovely Ella—
Since she died, O, precious Ella!
I've sought the lonely sea,
And the shadows which fantastic,
Danced upon our way,
Told us then in shapes prophetic,
That life was but a day!

DR. MARY BUNN.

CHAPTER I.

The whole Harebell family was awaiting the arrival. All the children had clean faces. Grandmamma had put on a fresh cap, a fresh lavender kerchief nicely starched, and sat in her own especial rocking-chair—her placid features lighted up by interest and expectation. Mrs. Harebell herself, in the neatest of print-gowns and the whitest of aprons, moved between sitting-room and kitchen; now giving a cheerful word to her mother, and anon adding some dainty to the well-spread table.

"How that boy bells away!" she presently remarked. "If they don't come soon, we shall have to put on more water; there won't be enough left to make the tea."

Just then James—who was mounted on the outer gate, as on a tower of observation gave a loud shout, jumped down, and came tearing to the door. They were coming now and had just turned the corner by the meeting-house.

A few minutes later, the old white horse jogged into the lane, dragging after him the mud-bespattered family vehicle; on whose narrow front seat sat Mr. Harebell and a lady. All eyes were bent on the latter with curious interest.

"There she is—that's her!" said James to his sister Malvina.

"What did you expect?" cried the boy. "Did you think she would come riding in on a pair of saddle-bags?"

"Oh, but I mean herself," said Malvina. Mary Bunn, well-reared, but who had, unfortunately no prospects, was persuaded by sundry adventurous friends to go in for the study of medicine. Whether she would ever have done it of her own accord, may be a question. She went steadily on in it, for she could not afford to be chopping and changing; and at length took her degree, and was Dr. Mary Bunn. She was now about to practice; had chosen a strange neighborhood for it; and, through some mutual friends, had induced the Harebells, whose house was roomy, to receive her as a boarder. Mr. Harebell had now been to meet her at the distant station—or, as they called it, depot.

Mrs. Harebell ran forth to welcome the stranger, and to assist in carrying in her parcels.

"This is my wife, Miss Bunn," said the good man; and the ladies bowed to one another. "You take her right in, Maria," he continued, "and let her rest. The roads are dreadful, and we've had a long ride of it. Malvina, here's a bag and parasol. James, where's Aaron, that he is not here? He must help with the luggage."

"The luggage better go upstairs at once," said Mrs. Harebell.

"If you please," added Miss Bunn, and she prepared herself to follow it.

"Nay, you are too tired to go up now," chimed in the good man. "Sit right down here, my dear, and take off your things. You shall have some tea directly."

"Oh, thank you," cried the tired woman, doing as she was told. And they were all soon seated round the table; not one of them but was stealing glances at the new inmate. A female doctor seemed to them a most formidable phenomenon.

"Not great for looks," was grandma's inward verdict. "A fresh, wholesome complexion, though, and a sensible face."

Malvina's disappointment was confirmed. She had expected—she knew not what—something very different, at any rate, from the people she saw every day; and this light-haired woman, with a good deal of color and a few freckles, was too much like ordinary people to satisfy her fancy.

"Rather a *humble* kind of face," thought Mrs. Harebell as she poured the tea and added cream—a treat which would be if it were not for her clear and bright complexion I don't know, though; her eyes have got depth in them; nice grey eyes, too, they are. I guess we shall like her about. Can't judge much of looks the first time of seeing them. Do have some more of the tongue," she said aloud; "you need something a little hearty after your journey. Pass it round, James. Malvina, run and bring in those hot cakes, these are getting cold. Take some honey—do, Miss Bunn. You'll find it good, I know."

"I am sure it is," answered Miss Bunn in a pleasant voice; "but see how well I am supplied already. I am afraid to add more to such a variety."

"Oh, honey never hurts anybody," said Mrs. Harebell, cutting off a liberal section, through whose translucent comb the liquid gold shone lusciously.

"You have a beautiful country here," remarked Miss Bunn.

"That depends on how you view it," said Mr. Harebell. "Good for grazing; no better dairy-land than ours the whole State through. But for village, I tell you, it's tough work; up one hill and down another. You'll have a chance to try it in your own line, come worse weather—and, even now, for that matter, unless we get some drying winds. Our roads here are dreadful, the mud tremendous; I don't believe you eyes saw the match of it where you came from."

"You ought not to discourage Miss Bunn to begin with," put in Mrs. Harebell.

"I don't intend to be easily discouraged," observed Miss Bunn, smiling. "I expect to have to work; to work well; and I shall like it."

"That's the right sort!—you'll do!" said the farmer heartily, in his good nature. But he had his doubts. Willingness to work was an excellent thing in most cases, but in such an out-of-the-way field as Miss Bunn had chosen, would it amount to much? Would anyone give her work to do?"

"Your nearest physician lives at a place called Malden, I think," she said, presently.

"Yes—Dr. Benedict. A first-rate man; everyone respects him. His sister, Miss Keturah, thinks there is no one like him in all the world!"

"She should leave it to his wife to think that," said Miss Bunn, in a pleasant kind of jesting tone.

"His wife! there is no such person!" exclaimed grandma. "Dr. Benedict is a bachelor."

James and Malvina were laughing at her mistake, and Miss Bunn felt somewhat uncomfortable.

"How came I to make such a remark?" she thought to herself. "Just like some girl whose mind runs on marriage, and such matters!"

CHAPTER II.

Dr. Mary Bunn was soon an established member of the Harebell household. A large room looking to the side of the house that faced the fields, was appropriated to her use, and here was presently collected her professional and individual properties. Among these her medicine-case was most conspicuous and highest prized. She consulted Mr. Harebell respecting the purchase of a horse. Rightly conjecturing that her rides would not yet require a powerful animal, he offered her the use of the old white steed that had fetched her from the station. A second-hand gig and set of harness were found to suit the doctor's slender purse, and the equipment was complete. Miss Bunn had only to sit down and await the summonses of her patients.

This locality was called Rudley Corners: and the country round about was not a little interested in the event of such a phenomenon as a "woman doctor." Curiosity concerning her manners and appearance prevailed largely among the gentler sex; it was mixed, in most instances, with contempt of her pretensions and ability.

"What sort of a creature can this be, who has come to Rudley Corners, and set herself up as a medical man?" exclaimed Miss Keturah Benedict one evening to her brother: a tall, iron-grey man with earnest eyes, who sat reading at the other side of the table. That is, his hair was beginning to be iron-grey.

"I don't know," he answered, "I have never seen her." A little smile crept over his face, one saw what a good and pleasant and comely face it was.

"It is not necessary to see her to tell; it is plain enough what she must be," retorted Miss Keturah, with energy. "A woman going out of her own sphere, in that way, to meddle with what properly belongs to a man! Why, John, it is not decent!"

"Not quite so fast, Keturah. I have always thought and said that a woman has a right to any place she can fill. If she possesses the needful nerve and skill for a doctor, let her be one."

"If she does. Why, of course you know she cannot. A woman is a woman. But, look here, John: it is a novelty. People run after novelties and they will run after her—and she'll take your practice from you."

He smiled again. "She is quite welcome to take a slice out of it at Rudley Corners."

"Oh! Had you not better recommend her to your patients. Perhaps you mean to do it?"

"Not quite. My feeling about her is a good deal like your own. The idea of a woman in such a position is exceedingly distasteful; still, one wishes to be reasonable about it. Of course, when a woman puts herself in a man's place, she must expect to be regarded as a man would be; she must not look for the deference and consideration which are the right of the sex."

"Certainly not," said Miss Keturah, with emphasis. "She has no sort of business to dream of it for a minute."

Miss Benedict, as may be surmised, did not make one of the throng of callers, who, on one pretence or another, invaded the Harebell dwelling. All the world was anxious to see the new inmate; and the impression she made on them varied. Some pronounced Dr. Mary Bunn a mere nobody: there was nothing showy about her, nothing striking. Others found her a quiet, pretty sort of woman, rather ladylike.

But all this curiosity and coldness did not diminish Dr. Mary Bunn's stock of medicines nor enlarge her income. Ten days, a fortnight, three weeks passed, and there came no demand for her professional attendance. One can imagine how the doctor went to rest in a desponding frame of mind. At this rate her funds would soon be exhausted—and what then? Pondering this question, she fell asleep.

A few hours later she awoke with a start: was that some one knocking at the back of the house? She sat up in bed, and listened. Steps came along the hall and up the stairs, and a very decided tap sounded on the door of her own room.

"Dr. Bunn is wanted," called out Mr. Harebell, who had been aroused by the summons and got up to answer it.

"Yes," she answered eagerly, "I am beginning to dress myself, thank you. Who is it wants me?"

"Squire Morrison, over to Barnes," called back Mr. Harebell from beyond the door. "He is taken with an awful distress in his back and stomach, the messenger says, and they want you to come right away. But it is a long ride, Miss Bunn; not fit for you to venture out in. Had I not better tell the young man to ride on to Malden for Dr. Benedict?"

"Oh, no, no! Don't think of it," she cried with alacrity. "I'll be down directly, Mr. Harebell. If—some one could but put the white horse in the gig?"

The some one who did it was Mr. Harebell. He did not wake up his man. By the time the steed was brought to the door, Dr. Bunn was ready in her waterproof and overshoes.

"It is raining pitchforks—and such a wind!" cried the good man. "An umbrella will be useless. I really think you ought not to go."

"Never mind," said the doctor cheerfully. "I can put up the hood of my waterproof, and the gig-apron is india-rubber. I shall get along very well. What sort of roads lie that way, Mr. Harebell?"

"Pretty rough. I hope the lamp will keep alight. You must be careful in going down into the hollow: there are plenty of rolling stones about, and the horse might lose his footing. The messenger ought to have waited to pilot you. I can't think why he didn't. I have a great mind to go with you myself."

Mary Bunn fought valiantly against the sensation of relief which this proposal gave her. "Oh! no, I couldn't think of it," she answered. "I must learn to take care of myself if I am ever to accomplish anything. Where's the use of being a doctor if I cannot take a solitary drive at night?" she cheerily added, as she started on her way.

Dr. Bunn drove slowly down the avenue, amid the swaying and sobbing of the trees, and gained the road. Here she chirruped to old Whitey, as the horse was named, and essayed a swifter pace. But that experienced steed declined all rash procedures; he took up his own easy trot, and was not to be coerced or coaxed into any other movement. And what a night it was! Mary Bunn bent herself almost double, striving after a little shelter from the storm. She remembered Tam O'Shanter. "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last" ran in her mind—by side with Scriptural reminiscences of how the rain descended and the floods beat. Every now and then came a blast that almost took the gig off the road. Then the white horse stood still and braced himself, and the doctor retired yet more deeply into her waterproof. She tried to brighten up her spirits by thoughts of the help she was bearing to the suffering Squire; she endeavored to realize the dignity and importance of this first step in her vocation. But the way seemed wearily long.

Here was the hill, with the bridge lying in the hollow at its foot. Miss Bunn kept a tight rein, and hardly breathed as the old horse made his leisurely descent, and picked out his rough way. This peril once passed in safety, the end of her journey must be near at hand. Yes, she could discern the house, and presently pulled up at its gate. But the gate was closed: how neglectful of the young man not to have opened it for her!

For a minute or two she sat, expecting he, or some one else, would come. Nothing seemed to be stirring: the windows were all dark and silent. This was rather unusual where serious illness reigns. Perhaps Squire Morrison's room looks the other way.

Miss Bunn alighted and undid the gate, after some shaking and noise and trouble. At that moment, a deep, portentous sound rose on the air; there was a rush along the walk, and she scrambled back into her vehicle just in time to escape the onset of an enormous mastiff, which leaped and barked about as if wishing to tear everything to pieces.

Now, in spite of Miss Bunn's bravery as an M.D., she owned to a most unheroic fear of dogs: and the yelping, leaping, and unfriendly bark of this frightened her half to death. She drove frantically to the house door, calling out and crying. No lights yet: and that ferocious animal raging below her like a hungry lion.

The window just above her was thrown up. A gentleman, attired in a cotton night-cap, put out his head.

"What on earth's the matter? Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Dr. Bunn. Is this Squire Morrison's?" she added, a sudden idea occurring to her that she had mistaken the house.

"I am Squire Morrison. Who is it, I ask?"

"It's the doctor that was sent for to the Squire. Won't you come down and call off your dog?"

"What on earth!" exclaimed the Squire, pausing in amazement. "Down, Towzer; down, sir."

"What is it, Squire?" said Mrs. Morrison, in a disturbed voice, as it were, speaking out of the darkness of that corner of the room where stood the bed.

"Hang me if I know! Sounds like a woman's voice. Seemed as if she said something about Bunn, but the wind blows so I can't make it out."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Morrison, briskly. "Some one or other's taken ill and they have sent for you. Go down, Squire, with all haste."

Attiring himself, the Squire went down, opened the door and confronted Miss Bunn. Towzer was growling ominously, and she still sat in mortal fright.

"Dr. Mary Bunn! Sent for to me!" cried the Squire, effectually calling off the dog. "Well, I never!"

"But, are you not ill, sir?"

"Never was better in my life!" said the Squire. "Somebody has been imposing on you shamefully. Always send for Benedict if anything ails us; meaning no offence, of course, ma'am. Come in; don't stay out any longer in such a storm!"

"I had better drive home again," said poor Miss Bunn, in a faint voice, full of dismay at finding what a deception had been passed upon her.

"No, no! Twice over the same road in such a night is too much. Come in and rest awhile, at any rate. I'll put your horse under shelter, and call Mrs. Morrison; she'll be down in a minute."

Miss Bunn yielded, and he led the way into the sitting-room; fumbled about for matches and struck a light. Then he disappeared in search of his good lady, who presently arrived upon the scene full of ejaculated sympathy.

"Do tell!" she exclaimed. "Whoever saw the like of this! It's a shamefully mean trick; whoever it was."

"I wish I knew," said the squire heartily. "I'd warm his back for him: he'd not forget it of one while."

"Dear, dear, you're sopping wet!" continued Mrs. Morrison. "And no wonder: I wouldn't turn a dog out in such a night. See here: the kitchen fire is still alight: you come to it, and we'll dry some of these wet things."

The charitable project was delayed a little, for Miss Bunn suddenly burst into tears. She was well aware of the disfavor with which her calling would be regarded, and had never been heedless of it, though she had chosen to persevere. This rude deception overwhelmed her with chagrin; she felt herself an outcast of womanly; for the moment it seemed as if all her hopes and herself were abused and trampled on, and she sobbed convulsively.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Morrison. "I am not a bit surprised. Such a ride! and then the dog! It's enough to make anybody nervous."

Mary Bunn did not yield long to this weakness. She wiped her eyes and tried to smile. "It was not the dog," she said, "though I was terribly afraid of him."

"People are generally afraid of him," acknowledged Mrs. Morrison, "but his bark is worse than his bite. Now you come right along to the kitchen fire;" she hospitably continued: "we'll see if we can't make you a bit comfortable."

"I am ashamed to give you so much trouble," murmured Miss Bunn; "and to disturb your rest too!"

"Pity if we can't do as much for a neighbor. It is no fault of yours. You need not be in a hurry about starting back again; you shall have some breakfast in the morning before you go."

But this hospitality was thankfully declined, Miss Bunn preferring to leave at an early hour for the better avoidance of conjecture and inquiry concerning her nocturnal visit. Left alone, she dropped asleep, in spite of mortified feeling and of disappointment, and awoke refreshed at the sunbeams streamed in at the window. The storm was over, and the morning a pleasant one. Mrs. Morrison made her drink a cup of coffee; and she started for home. Squire Morrison's last words were: "I'd not let anybody know I came out; I'd not give 'em that triumph."

The Harebells were indignant on learning the trick that had been played upon her. But they had no clue to those who had perpetrated it. Mr. Harebell did not know the young man who had brought the message; did not even see his face, for properly hear his voice, for he spoke out of the muffled folds of a comforter. That it was done in fun, not in spite or malice, was readily believed.

CHAPTER II.

A little practice dropped in to Miss Bunn by degrees. She was nearer at hand than Dr. Benedict, and perhaps in simple cases as efficient. An entrance once effected, Miss Bunn was almost sure to make her way. Her genuine pity for the suffering, her eagerness to relieve them, failed not to impress all with whom she came in contact. Mothers were more at ease with her than with the grave and busy Dr. Benedict. They could talk over a hundred little matters of interest, for which they would not venture to detain him; an approaching marriage, the last sermon, or the next tea-party. She gossiped back, was sensible and pleasant. These qualities did at least as much for her as any confidence in her skill could have done. So she got called in to slight cases; and there was always Dr. Benedict at hand to be sent for if the case grew serious.

Summer waned, and September came on with days of scorching heat and evenings of unusual coolness. How refreshing was that coolness! Without it the weather would have been almost unendurable. People sat by open windows or out on the steps of porches and piazzas, to enjoy the change from the sultriness of daylight. Careful mothers called to their girls to beware of taking cold, and received laughing responses that there was no sort of danger and that the night air was delicious. Now and then some one or other came in, shivered slightly, and said the evening was a little chilly after all. Next morning these persons were languid, indisposed for motion, and willing to admit that late sitting in the open air was perhaps imprudent at this season. Perhaps the season in that particular year was unusually favorable to illness. At any rate, real sickness declared itself. Dr. Benedict was summoned, and fever ran its fiery, and, in some instances, fatal course. Cases of the kind multiplied, till the disease was almost epidemic.

Dr. Benedict drove up to his own door one afternoon, weary, and hoping for a little interval of rest and quiet; he had been abroad since the dawn. But the red comforter tied around the head of the groom warned him not to drive to the stable till he had communicated with the authorities within. Miss Keturah came out to him in excitement. "Mrs. Beams is down sick," she said, "and I thought you would rather drive than walk there, tired as you must be. And there's a call of a different sort," she added. "Mr. Harebell, from Rudley Corners, has been here. His wife is down with the fever, and *that woman* wants you to come in consultation."

"Very well," returned the doctor quietly. "Did Harebell mention any name?"

"Why you don't think of going, do you?" asked Miss Keturah, in amazement.

"Certainly. I don't see how I could refuse; in reason or in humanity."

"I don't know that, only you would refuse to go," returned Miss Keturah, "but you will surely tell them you must have the case in your own hands. They would make no objection, you may be sure; they are old friends of yours."

"I never interfere between patient and doctor, Keturah; you know that. If I am required to meet this Miss Bunn in consultation, I shall meet her."

Mrs. Harebell met him at the door when he arrived. "Oh, doctor, poor James is very bad," she exclaimed. "If anything happens, we shall never forgive ourselves that we didn't send for you sooner."

The physician spoke a few cheering words, and followed her to the sick-room. There lay the merry, active boy of a few days ago, scorched with fever, tossing, moaning in pain, his eyes opening now and then into a dull, unconscious stare. The doctor sat down by the bedside, felt the pulse, listened to the hurried breathing, intently regarded the flushed countenance, rose, and, standing near, studied his own face with yet more intentness; but learned nothing from its inscrutable gravity.

A pleasant looking young woman, pale with anxiety and watching, came quietly into the room. Some relation, the doctor thought, who had been sitting up with the sick boy, and was worn out in consequence. He was never more astonished in his life than when Mrs. Harebell introduced her as Miss Bunn. He had never chanced to see his sister practitioner, but had set her down as a type of that favorite aversion, the strong-minded woman; had pictured to himself as a large, raw-boned, masculine personage of loud voice and decided manner. Now it was certain that his very first glimpse of this lady had introduced on him a most agreeable impression.

The two were shown into another room, and proceeded to consult. Ah! what a solemn time it was for the friends of the sufferer! How they looked to the closed door; as if the fiat of life or death would issue at its opening!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORAL JEWELRY.

The coral beds of the Mediterranean have given employment and a formidable rival to the Italians for centuries, and are carefully protected by the government, being divided into ten patches, only one of which is permitted to be worked each decade, so as to give the remainder the necessary length of years to regain their growth. Coral is worth more than its weight in gold. The coral of commerce resembles a leafless shrub, with stout branches, and is an incrustated lichen, and is usually sought at depths of from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet. Off the coast of Sardinia some very fine specimens are found, of a yellow or saffron color, while the coral of the African or Barbary coast is almost invariably of a deep red or crimson shade. The white and rose-pink tints are most valued in Europe and America, while in the Orient the deeper shades are preferred.

The coral imported into the United States exceeds in value $500,000 per annum, but as it is almost invariably brought here in a finished shape, it appears in the list of imports as jewelry or precious stones. The chief seats of manufacture are Naples, Marseilles and Paris.

A few years since an enterprising American discovered a process by which coral could be closely imitated, and at a cost far below the real article. The imitation consists in combining collodion and camphor gum under certain conditions of heat and pressure, and the resulting compound, properly tinged with the requisite color, forms an artificial coral known to the trade as celluloid, which has become quite popular in the form of jewelry, beads, trimmings, etc. The real coral, however, is not affected in price and must continue to command a ready sale.

A most valuable discovery of a new coral reef off the coast of Spain has recently been made by the United States steamer Gettysburg. A company has already been organized to work it with machinery for raising it to the surface, invented by an American. It is estimated that the new field will yield many tons of the valuable material, which at present prices would command $1,000,000 per ton.

RIGHT.—The man who lives right and is right has more in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally, resound with music.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY HEART AND I.

BY MARIE SADLER.

I am thinking to-night of a battle
I fought with my heart long ago,
In the morning of life, when the roses
Of hope, round my dwelling did grow.
And the memory now of the combat
Brings a feeling of terror and dread,
For I conquered, but ere it was ended,
My heart was all lifeless and dead.

Then I buried it down in my bosom,
And watered the grave with my tears.
And I know that an angel guards it,
Through the blinding mists of years.
And I thought when I slew my foeman.
That my soul had found release,
But the angel whispered gently,
Yon must bear, but the end is peace.

So he brought me another contest,
But this time it was not within;
For the foeman I had to battle,
Was a cruel world of sin.
And I know that it forth from this struggle,
For I know that for him who has conquered,
The crown will be brightest there.

THE WHITE APRON.

BY H. J.

On the outskirts of Luneberg, in 1813, there stood, and very possibly still remains, a little settlement of small farm-houses. The inhabitants of this village, which is called Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supplying milk in large quantities to Luneberg, which city depended mainly on these farms for that important article of diet. Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just a milkmaid and nothing more. There was little enough of the picturesque in our Johanna's personal appearance, and that she had even more than the usual bucolic attributes of robust health and florid health and florid bloom, Saturnus accompanied moreover by locks whose redness was a fact above all contradiction.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed when—her milk-pails slung from her square shoulders—she issued forth on a certain morning—that fortune was waiting slily, in no far-off nook, to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said—mind, only *said* —to love best, viz., rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, similarly laden, a being, gentler and fairer, though in all likelihood less well nurtured or cultivated than her companion. This young person was an assistant dairy-maid, and in this narrative, with the courteous reader's leave, shall be called "Caroline."

These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and laughed on their road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline, in her guttural German. "I see nothing."

"Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered Johanna, raising her hand and pointing.

And now indeed Caroline heard sharp and loud reports, which gave her an idea, expressed curtly enough.

"Fighting, eh?" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the milk *must* go to Luneberg, if Boney himself be there! We're late enough now, I tell you." For Caroline showed symptoms of turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proved her to have had no pretensions to be a heroine, and which ought to reconcile us to her ultimate fate. "Come on, I tell you, fool! they won't hurt us!"

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go—pop! pop! Johanna, never mind the milk—let the people want their breakfasts for once."

But arguing thus, they still walked on; and, as it proved, marched right into the lion's mouth. When it was too late, even for women as they were, to retreat, they found themselves right in the midst of Prussian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against Luneberg. There was however, just then, a momentary forced cessation of hostilities on the side of the assaulting party, and, in fact, the French were rapidly gaining the advance. An accident had occurred. Close beside Johanna and Caroline, a cart laden with cartridges had been overturned, and its contents were strewed on the ground. No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up to this wretch, and held a draught of milk to his dying lips, but Johanna clasp her arm crying out:

"Rouleaux! rouleaux! Come quick, and help me, Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for rouleaux of coin, which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companions both wore large white aprons with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf. Johanna filled those she wore as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious of the bullets from Luneberg, which hailed round her —as oblivious of them, in her thirst for gaining quickly rich, as was Caroline from a better, holier motive. In after-times, I think the look of gratitude which beamed from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken words of blessing which dropped from his white lips, must have been a deeper and more blessed memory to the heart of her, who, naturally timid, forgot that timidity under the influence of woman's holiest promptings of tenderness and mercy, than the subsequent homage, the brilliant fortune showered on the being who, with eager eyes and avaricious grasp, was busily employed in cramming her pockets with that, which indeed ultimately proved more valuable towards her aggrandizement, than the gold for which she took the packages strewed around.

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirement is speedily stopped. A Prussian colonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of of the girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs her in his mind—a mind heated by the excitement of action—as an ardent heroine aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary distress.

"My brave girl! those pockets will not hold enough; fill your apron. Quick, here, young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt by the dying), "do the same—as one goss, the other can come back!"

There was no murmur of disobedience possible. Fear alone, made the girl obey, and indeed, as her retreat was by this time cut off by a body of advancing troops, to go back was impossible, to go forward inadvisable. Her acceptance of the duty imposed, was, however, as prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. She was always sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, when bullets whistled around, and she was in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron, and as quickly ran with her burden to the poor fellows, who for the want of them, were being rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she recognized, routine performed the same good office; so backwards and forwards amidst a rattling fire, mid volleys of no less fiery oaths, midst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen, and Caroline Burger, carry pail after pail of cartridges, distributing them to the troops, till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory—gained it, as all to a man declared, by the heroic conduct of a woman—that woman, Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally—even more generously—oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to amaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood-stained morning.

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she had merited. However, just then, everyone was too busy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder, to notice her, whom they considered the victress of the day.

As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same colonel who had directed the milk-girl's efforts, rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl—quick—your apron—give to me. Not a word—off with it—that's right—now, your name—Johanna—Johanna what? Johanna Stegen—So! Now, my lads, onward! Struggle's fall back!"

And thereupon, one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible fierce soldier could want with her apron, now half-dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently, changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, which acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops, as an ensign and emblem of how a great victory had been won.

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid—who, as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name—went at once to the house of her mother, who (a poor widow) gained a livelihood and little enough salt by charing and washing. She feared, perhaps, to return to Grimm, where heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventures to her mother, without many reproaches on the part of that virtuous matron, for interfering among a parcel of rapscallion soldiers, who ate, drank, and devoured that night at the expense of Luneberg.

But Johanna's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at the monarch's right hand. Robust and florid as she was, no belle attracted such universal notice or admiration as this fortunate milkmaid. Her glowing hair was called golden, her ruddy cheeks blooming, and her form was admired for its strength, if it was not exactly extolled for grace. Success is your true beautifier—the elixir which bestows youth and beauty, and which fails in its effect only when the sun of Fortune sets. The girdle of Good luck once thrown round the thickest waist, it becomes to every beholder as slender as Venus's own, and those who blind the goddess has mystified by the bandage of her own eyes, are, at any time, ready to swear black is white, or, as in Johanna's case, red is yellow.

And amidst all this, Caroline's name was not heard.

One heart at least was captivated by this heroine in spite of herself. The big Prussian colonel must have his fancy captivated by this close approximation to the heroic maid of his heated brain. Among the toasts drank to Johanna Stegen, his response was the loudest, his praise the most broadly expressed.

But—every medal has its reverse side—what a pity!

In the midst of all these rejoicings, and just as great things were in contemplation for Johanna, who seems to have been regarded as a second Joan of Arc, just when one may suppose the Prussian colonel was to find leisure to prosecute his romantic suit —Lo! the French returned and retook Luneberg. Dire event! which the poor Luneburgers deplored, and which was positive ruin to our heroine, whose temporary elevation had served to point her out as a mark for the vengeance of the infuriated French soldiery. Johanna, thrown down from her lofty pedestal, was ignominiously speaking, obliged to grovel in the mud, and literally might have been trampled to death, except for hiding herself, which she did for many days, in a dark dismal cellar, indebted for sustenance solely to the good offices of neighbors, and to Caroline, who brought her in milk from Grim, and, who unnoticed and unrewarded, was no doubt much happier than the heroine cowering in her dismal cellar, expecting hourly death—or worse.

But this terrible condition, which lasted many a bitter day, was terminated at length by the report of a large body of Prussians, advancing on Luneburg; and now, as the French at last evacuated Luneberg, our heroine once more emerged from her obscurity, and threw herself at the King's feet.

Her sorrows ended there. Her merits were at once recognized; she was patronized by some of the female connections of her Prussian admirer. Following the army subsequently into Prussia, she was at once placed on the full pay of a colonel, and sent to a pension to be educated for her future rank in life—a nobleman's spouse. Henceforth the life of Johanna Stegen became one of uninterupted prosperity. At the close of the war she married the man, whose peremptory orders were in reality the cause of her being famous. History tells us no more of her. Did education refine her? Did she ever think of Caroline Burger, in the latters obscurity, or aid the comrade who shared her peril, but not her good fortune? It is believed not. She whom we have called Caroline, lived and died, obscure and humble, perhaps not less happy; even her real name was not known by the old inhabitant of the Schloss Luneberg, from whose lips this little narrative was gathered years ago and who could boast of having both seen and spoken to, the famous heroine of Luneberg, Johanna Stegen, by no means the first, nor in all likelihood the last, to whom her fortune has called in a fit of caprice, and loaded with unmerited favors.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

A FATEFUL GEM.

The belief in the occult potency of gems for good or evil, is one of the oldest superstitions of the human mind. Ever since precious stones have been known and valued, it has been believed that they exercised some powerful influence, for good or evil, on their possessors. They have been worn as amulets to exorcise evil spirits and to frustrate the wicked machinations of enemies. Each of them had special virtue; the amethyst prevented intoxication, the diamond gave courage and fortune in war, the topaz was a guard against infection, and so on. The largest diamond in the world belongs to the Rajah of Mattan, who thinks its possession is the secret of his family's fortune. Many years ago the Governor of Borneo tried to buy it from him, and offered in exchange $500,000, two war brigs, fully equipped, and a large quantity of military stores, but all in vain.

This superstition is not confined to past ages or the semi-civilized of this. A lady of great accomplishments, and one who had considerable experience of life—none other than the wife of Captain Burton, the renowned African traveler—has just published a book, in which she foretells much peril, to England, and especially to Queen Victoria, if that nation persists in retaining in her possession the celebrated Kohinoor diamond. That stone has always had a bad reputation. It is said, though without sufficient reason, to have been found in the mines of Golconda, and that in consequence of some terrible deed of cruelty perpetrated on its finder, his dying curses still cling to it.

According to Mrs. Burton's history of the gem it has always been a misfortune to its possessors. The first and second owners were each driven from their kingdoms, and those who fell heirs to them were strangled or assassinated before long, in a more agreeably monotonous way. A great conqueror—a King of Persia named Nadir Shah —swept over the East, and carried everything before him until he reached Delhi, and captured the Kohinoor with the rest. He was soon after assassinated, and his jewels stolen. Its next possessor was poisoned; the two next had their eyes put out, and so on, disaster ever following the stone till it came into the possession of Runjeet Sing, the Lion of the Punjab. He died soon after; then his son was poisoned, and at brief intervals his grandson and great-grandson were deposed and blinded; then came the conquest of the Punjaub, and the British came into possession of the stone.

Mrs. Burton follows its fortunes to England, and shows how Lord Dalhousie, who sent it to the Queen, died soon after; that the Duke of Wellington, who gave the first stroke to the new cutting, died three months later, and that the Queen's own husband died a little later. She conjures the Queen to discard the stone, and never wear it again, for ill-fortune of the most pronounced kind is always connected with it. She says that this superstition of hers was first revealed to her in a dream, which a subsequent examination of its history confirmed.

TAMING A RAT.

A young bedridden woman has lately had an interesting experience with a monstrous rat. She resided with her mother and two sisters, in a couple of humble apartments in London. On account of the infirmity of her mother and sisters to support their home, the invalid was frequently left alone for hours. When all was quiet a huge rat first made his appearance through an apportune hole in the floor, but after having no fear of rodents, threw some crumbs from her table, but for several days the big rat declined and ventured no fe her than a bead's length beyond the hole. Finally he took courage and rushed out for the morsel thrown by the feeble hands; still he made as little delay as possible until the time grew ripe for closer acquaintance. The invalid gradually induced his ratship to make nearer advances, and he began to linger after the daily meal, and gambol about the floor until the first strange footstep fell upon him throughout the house, when off like a flash. Then it became one of the poor sick girl's whims to have her rat's daily portion specially laid by, and the fierce looking animal was petted at length was coaxed to run up the side of the table and nibble his dinner beside his kindly mistress. Even then he could not be induced to go near the street door. At last he permitted himself to be fondled without any treacherous resistance, and the sick girl had not the least fear of him. He was never heard at all by her mother or any other rat about the premises. Then the feeble hand could serve the strange pet no longer, nor could the poor girl be left alone long enough to assure the tamed rodent that it was safe to come out. She died, and all efforts to call him out of his place were unavailing. The sick girl had had him in a tame condition for nearly six months.

EMIGRATION FROM AMERICA.

A movement is being made to obtain emigrants from this country to New South Wales, and it is said that there is hardly a shipload or more of mechanics and farmers away from us, no steady tide of such emigration is likely to set in. Those who desire to make the venture are required to have some trade or occupation, or the relatives in Australia. They are promised supplies of food and bedding in a packet ship, and also on their arrival at Sydney to be permitted to live on board their ship for two days, and those desirous of going to country districts, are promised free passages by rail or steamboat. The tables showing rates of wages and cost of living in New South Wales exhibited by the Goverment of that colony at the Centennial Exhibition looked as though they mi,ht have been prepared for such places as Philadelphia or New York, although house servants, cooks, &c., obtain higher wages than here. There is no evidence that New South Wales offers any advantages to people without money that cannot be obtained in this country outside of the large cities; and those who have laid up a little money are not likely to be tempted away from home. Several applications have been made, however, for persons desirous of trying a new land, an emigrant packet ship will leave New York for Sydney February 1.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no success. If there were nothing to struggle for there would be nothing achieved. There is a hill before us, which all active spirits endeavor to mount; they run, they toil, they struggle, they rise.

LIVING WITH HONOR.—The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what you would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strength by the practice and experience of them.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of human pity that will not forsake us.

NEWS NOTES.

A NEW HAVEN firm is making 2000 suits for Haytien soldiers.

THE Social Science Association is holding its annual meeting in Boston.

THERE are 311,097 volumes and 100,000 pamphlets in the library of Congress.

NEW ENGLAND contemplates going into the business of raising beets for sugar manufacturing purposes.

SIX steam street cars of the Ransom patent are to be introduced on the Market street line, Philadelphia.

GALVESTON, Texas, paves her streets with the stone ballast brought to that port in ships seeking cotton cargoes.

VIRGINIA wants her Supreme Court Judges elected by the people, to hold their offices during their good behavior.

SOCIETIES have been formed in many of the New England States to provide hot meals and soft beds for itinerant tramps.

SAGE brush, which has hitherto been regarded as valueless, is being gathered and sold for fuel by the cord in Nevada.

JOURNALISM is the rage with the San Francisco school boys, and about a dozen schools have their representative papers.

THE Central Hotel and several adjoining buildings at Long Branch were burned on Thursday morning, Jan. 11th. Loss $40,000.

THE Williamsport saw-mills cut 180,000,000 feet of lumber last year, or from 37,000,000 to 40,000,000 less than the preceding one.

IN California wheat growing is yielding larger returns than gold mining ever did, and in a few years the whole area of that State bids fair to be turned into one vast wheat field.

THE Alexandria *Gazette* says that the influence of the whipping post as a punishment for petty crimes has been so beneficial in Virginia, that its use has spread to nearly every county in the state.

It is announced that carrier pigeons are to be stationed on Anticosti, the Magdalen Islands, etc., to enable mariners cast away on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to communicate with the people on the south shore.

In preparing the ground for new university schools in Oxford, England, the remains of what is supposed to have been an ancient British village have been found, perhaps two thousand years have been found.

THE exports of domestic cotton goods from New York, for the last fifty-two weeks, reached 74,450 packages, against 41,008 last year. For the years 1870 to 1874, inclusive, the shipments averaged 19,581 packages.

DR. PETERMAN, the distinguished geographer, is now in London, consulting with the promoters of a new Artic expedition. It is to be a private undertaking, set on foot by the united yacht clubs of the Kingdom.

THE Chicago *Tribune* says that the handsome sum of $10,000 has been raised in Chicago as a fund for the maintainance and education of the two sons of Bliss, the Evangelist, author of "Hold the Fort," &c., who was killed in the Ashtabula railway accident.

THE School Board of London want a Royal Commission to consider the best manner of reforming and simplifying the English method of spelling, they being of the opinion that the present method places a great difficulty in the way of learning to read.

MR. CARPENTER, of Evansville, Indiana, has conveyed by deed to trustees, property to the amount of $250,000 for a public library, park and gallery of art in that city. Any money left over Mr. Carpenter wishes should be put into a statue of himself for the park.

THERE have just been exported from Boston and New York since Jan. 1 somethiug like 115,000 packages, valued at $6,000, against 69,000 packages in the corresponding portion of 1875. About a week ago there was a shipment of 2,500 packages of leather from Boston to Zanzibar, mostly cottons.

THE receipts for the first three quarters of the year of 1876, from the 12,998 miles of French railways now open, amount to $1, 249,000 more than for the corresponding period in 1875, but the average receipts per mile were somewhat decreased. The total receipts were $126,200,000.

ACCORDING to the Registrar General's return the deaths from small pox, in London, England, rose last week to one hundred and sixteen against seventy-five the previous week. The metropolitan hospitals contained eight hundred and fifty nine small-pox patients on Saturday last, against eight hundred and twenty-three the previous Saturday. About two hundred cases were refused admission during the week, all available beds being occupie.

FRANCE has under consideration the passage of a law compelling the land owners and tenants to wage systematic warfare upon insects obnoxious to vegetation. As early as 1732 an edict in that country commanded all farmers to destroy the caterpillars on their lands under a penalty of 50 livres. The law was renewed in 1777, and again in 1787. A law passed in 1796 is still in existence, but practically null, hence the agitation of a new statute on the subject.

THE *Journal of Commerce* has been investigating the length of time it takes to transmit a message over the Atlantic cable. The first signal is felt in four tenths of a second; as many as seventeen words have been sent over the Atlantic cable in one minute. Fifteen can easily be sent under pressure; and twelve words a minute is a good working rate. A fact not yet explained by the scientists is that the electricity does not move so rapidly from New York to London as in the opposite direction.

THE President, some weeks ago, addressed the principal maritime nations of Europe on the subject of American surveys of inter-ocean canal routes across the Isthmus of Darien, and the conclusions reached by the commission, suggesting that it be made and international work. Replies have been recived from some of those governments, all of which are favorable to the prosecution of the work in the manner stated. The prospects of an early undertaking of this great enterprise are now favorable, and the President will urge that it be commenced at the earliest practicable day.

THE Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee* tells us that the savings bank of that city has more money in its vaults than it can invest to the profit of its depositors. It says the managers of the bank have decided not to recieve any more deposits for the present. On account of December, January and February being dull months, they do not expect any great demand for loans, and hence the reason for their course of action. In view of this decision the *Bee* inquires: "When, in the history of this country, did any other savings bank decline to recieve interest bearing deposits?"

REVIEWS.

A. S. BARNES & Co., New York, announce the publication of "The Magazine of American History," the purpose of which is to supply to persons engaged in historical study a regular avenue of communication with each other, and the general public. It is to be edited by Mr. John Austin Stevens, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. If sufficient subscriptions be obtained, it will be published in monthly numbers of 64 pages each, at $5 per annum.

WEBSTER a few years past, succeeding the velocipede fever, the scroll sawing mania has been spreading, until hardly a village in the land is without its amateur experts. The work itself is fascinating, and its products are beautifying many a household. The delicacy of many specimens we have seen, gives it rank among the fine arts, and the easy acquirement will continue to make it popular.

A well written and finely illustrated, instructive manual entitled "Sorrento and Inlaid Work," by Arthur Hope, an experienced artist in his line, has been issued by Williamson, Chicago. It tells just what every beginner wants to know, in a very plain, practical way, gives many fine designs, especially for Silhouette work, and deserves to be popular among the craft.

COOK BOOKS as usually compiled, should be accompanied with a bank book, showing a large deposit, as they give directions how to make good things regardless of expense. We are glad to notice an exception in the "Economical Cook Book" recently issued by Albert Cogswell 46 Bookman St., New York. The receipes are from the collection of a practical housekeeper, made for her own use, and will help many a housewife to improve her table, and reduce expense.

PLEASANT WORDS.

Some people's "No" is pleasanter than the grouty "Yes" which is sometimes snapped out in answer to a request.

A pleasant face in a pleasant way carries double satisfaction. We fully appreciate the many kind words which accompany the renewal of subscriptions to the POST, especially such as come from its long-time friends, and make a few extracts showing the general spirit prevailing among our readers:

"I have been reading the POST twenty-five years. It is like bright sunshine, for it sheds life and light on all its surroundings."

R. M. PUTNEY, Salem, Neb.

"I consider the POST a first-class literary paper, and my wife thinks she cannot do without it."

THOS. N. MCKELVEY, Pleasantville, Mo.

"I have been a subscriber in the POST for ten years and have taken three papers in that time. I do not know how to get along without them."

MRS. J. S. LEE, Creic. Neb.

"The welcome appearance of my little long friend, the dear old POST, reminds me afresh of the loss I have been feeling for two weeks past of its tour-arrival."

FANNIE ROPER FULTON, Baltimore, Md.

"We cannot feel at home without the POST. It has been in my father's family for twenty-seven years, ever since I was a child."

MRS. WM. SHOFF, Angelica, N. Y.

"I am the wife and daughter of Editors, and on that account, I presume, I take more interest in the POST. It is over thirty years since I commenced to read it. I have all my papers bound."

H. BALDWIN, Meadville, Pa.

The newspapers also are full of appreciative notices, as witness the following

We commend to our readers THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, one of the oldest and best literary papers. Its pages are filled with first-class stories, entertaining sketches, amusing articles, poetry, etc. Nothing has been spared to make the POST one of the most interesting literary journals.—*The Republican, Havana, Ia.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has long been at the head of the list of weekly literary papers of this country. Its high moral tone makes it a welcome, safe, and trusted visitor to the family circle, while its stories lack none of the thrilling interest necessary to keep the readers anxiously awaiting the weekly visits of the paper. It is not saying too much to say that the SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest, best conducted, purest, and most entertaining weekly paper published in this country.—*Bulletin, Monticello, Ill.*

AMONG the weeklies we know of no more entertaining paper than the old world-known Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, now published by Bennett & Fitch. It contains a large quantity of reading matter adapted to any household, and is constantly carrying two or three serial stories, by well known authors, far superior to most of the weeklies which thrive more upon the horrible and impossible than the chaster literary fiction. The paper is so large that these in not infringe upon much that is interesting to general readers, and is almost always almost every variety of subject.—*The Gazette, Lewistown, Pa.*

THAT popular literary paper, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, has recently been much improved in appearance, and has had several new features added. For over half a century the POST has held its own, while dozens of its rivals have come and gone, and been forgotten. In many families it has been taken regularly for a generation, and has held its position so long, and is to day so great a favorite are evidences of an exceptional degree of merit. Certainly it is one of the few experienced newspaper men who know how to make a first-class paper, for its columns are filled with matter from pens of the first order of reputation in business circles, and there is every reason to believe all old patrons of the POST may continue, and that a few ones which we trust it may secure will be added to the list. Certainly the POST and its Publishing House have come into such excellent hands. The POST certainly looks and reads well, and is a handsome, clean, pure, and a very attractive variety, for a moderate subscription price.—*New York Home Journal.*

THE holiday number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, published at 528 Sansom street, Philadelphia, by Bennett & Fitch, contains many features of special interest not the least attractive being the fine engraving of "Ware, the Modern Prometheus." This is a warning to all who dispense or partake of the "Fatal Draught." It also concludes the first chapters of a translation of M. Alphonse Daudet's great novel "Sobinie," since by Most & Brother and Max Maretzek. A new and an interesting melange of general literature. The SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of prosperity, and it certainly deserves it.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

Right glad we are to say back again to the Brooklyn *Times*—You're Another—Bright, active in gathering and careful in publishing locals, always having a good selection of miscellany and sound editorials. The Philadelphia *Daily Times* deserves the prosperity it has enjoyed for twenty-eight years past.

AIDS TO TEMPERANCE.

Very earnest efforts are being made in England to abate the drunkenness so dreadfully prevalent in the establishment of comfortable eating houses, where intoxicating drink is served only at meals. Dry, flavorless, unmixed cocoa-nib, points out the disconsolate and bad food of dining-rooms drive people to gin shops. While the former are dingy and dreary, the latter are just the cheerful, comfortable places to put down their unpalatable food and then go for the glass which inebriates. Mr. Rathbone, the philanthropic member for Liverpool, stated recently at a meeting in that city during the previous week, the British Workman Public House Company had sold 7388 gallons of tea, cocoa, and coffee, in 75, 000 portions, and the takings were $112,626. The object of the company is to give all the comforts of the public houses without its temptations. In proof of the gains of public houses, he mentioned that $50,000 was offered for the lease and goodwill of one opposite the Liverpool Sailors' Home.

GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL,

Without Outlay of Money.

The numerous letters received concerning our offer of books as premiums for obtaining new subscribers, show that there is a preference for having a few books for one's own property, rather than to read and then return a larger number.

We accordingly substitute the following offer, for the one heretofore made.

We will send postpaid, one of the volumes from the list below as a premium to any one sending the names of two new subscribers, with the subscription price, $2.00 for each.

The list is made up of works by some of the best known authors, which every person of a moderate degree of literary culture will desire to read. They are not cheap paper editions, but handsomely bound, and such as cost $1,25 to $1,50 at retail.

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The above 11 volumes are a collection of stories and sketches by the best authors, published under the title of "Little Classics." They include some of the choicest writings of E. Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edgar A. Poe, W. D. Howells, Bret Harte, etc., etc.

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In making out the list of such books as are wanted, use the numbers only.

Address all communications and make all orders payable to

BENNETT & FITCH,
728 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TREASURY officials state that the increase of the national debt during December ($5,- 260,142.39) is owing to the unprecedented decrease in the receipts from customs, which amounts to over three millions for the month; also, owing to the large disbursements, seven millions alone being disturbed on account of pensions. The experts during the month were largely in excess of the imports.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF FOR ONCE. If troubled with a bad Cough or Cold, use Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure remedy for Asthma, Pleurisy, &c., as well as Throat Complaints.

A DREAM.

She showed me roses in my morning dream,
So fragrant, and so exquisite of hues,
In no mild earthly pasture could I deem
Things of such grace and beauty ever grew.

The hand that held them owned no mortal mould,
She had been dead for years; and on her face
Glancing, I instant felt the veil was cold
To track the secret of her deathless place.

Turning the flowers about, her eye met mine,
"O give one rose to me?" "Not yet," she said,
Then melted like a cloud at day's decline,
Pointing the blossoms upward as she fled!

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXII.

BLASE PELLET'S THREATS.

Sending Edina's note of the demise to Major Raynor by a servant, Frank carried these lines and the Doctor's letter to his chamber; thereby obeying injunctions, but nevertheless wondering at them very much. What could his uncle have to say to him necessitating secrecy? Breaking the seal, he ran his eyes over the almost illegible lines, that the dying hands had traced.

MY DEAR NEPHEW FRANK.—I wanted to see you. I ought not to have put it off so long. But this closing scene has come upon me somewhat suddenly, and now I cannot write all I ought to, and should wish; and I must, of necessity, write abruptly.

Are you conscious of being in any danger? Have you committed any act that could bring you under the arm of the law? If so, take care of yourself. A dreadful rumor was whispered in my ears by Andrew Float, connecting you with the hitherto unexplained fate of Bell, the miner. I charged Float to be silent, and I think he will be, for he is a kind and good man, and only spoke to me that I might put you on your guard, and I quieted Blase Pellet, from whom Float had heard it. Pellet was sullen, obstinate, would not say much, but could say he could hang you, and would do it if you offended him or put yourself in his way. I could not get anything more from him, and it was not a subject that I cared to minutely inquire into, or could pursue openly.

My boy, you know best what grounds there may be for this half-breathed accusation, whether any or none. I have hardly had a minute's peace since it reached me, now three weeks ago; in fact, it has, I believe, brought on the crisis with me somewhat before it would otherwise have come. At one moment I say to myself that it is a malicious invention, an infamous lie, and know my boy Frank as well to believe this, or anything else against him, the next moment I shudder at the fate and the possibility of what may have been enacted. Perhaps through passion or accident—or I grow confused, I know not what I would say.

Oh my boy, my nephew, my dear brother Henry's only child! my heart is aching with dismay and doubt. I do believe you are innocent of all intention of harm, but my sight is growing dim. *Take care of yourself.* Hide yourself if need be and you best know whether there be need, or not from Blase Pellet. It is he who would be your enemy. I see it, and Andrew Float sees it. Beyond we know not why or wherefore. In any obscure nook of this wide world, shelter yourself from him. If he does indeed hold power in his hand, it may be over only chance or safety. I can write no more. God bless and help you! Farewell. Your loving and anxious

UNCLE HUGH.

Frank Raynor may have drawn many a deep breath in his life, but never so deep as one as he drew now. Mechanically he folded the letter, and placed it in an inner pocket.

"Are you there, sir?"

The question came from outside the door, in the voice of one of the servants. Frank opened it.

"Lunch is on the table, sir."

"Is it?" returned Frank, half-bewildered. "I don't want any to-day, James. Just say so. I am going out for a stroll."

The letters from Cornwall were never delivered at Eagles' Nest until the mail-bag post. Frank took his hat, and went out; bending his steps whithersoever they chose to take him, so that he might be alone.

Strolling on mechanically, in deep thought, he plunged into a dense copse, and asked himself what he was to do. The letter had disturbed him in no common degree. It had taken all his spirit, all his elasticity out of him; and that was saying a great deal of Frank Raynor.

"I wish I could hang Blase Pellet!" he burst forth in his torment and perplexity. "He deserves it richly. To disturb my poor uncle with his malicious tongue! Sneak!"

But Frank was unconsciously unjust. It was not Dr. Raynor that Blase Pellet had disturbed. To do Blase justice, he was vexed that the Doctor should have heard it, for he held him in great respect and would not willingly have grieved him. In an evil moment, when Blase had taken rather more to drink than was quite consistent with the rare occurrence with him, almost unprecedented—he had dropped the dangerous words to Andrew Float.

"Yes, I must hide myself from him, as my uncle says," resumed Frank, referring to the advice in the letter. "He could be a dangerous enemy. For my own sake; for—everybody's sake, I must keep myself where he cannot find me."

Emerging from the coppice to the open ground, Frank lifted his eyes, and saw, standing near him, the man in grey, whom they had christened the Tiger. He was leaning against the tree with bent head and folded arms, apparently in deep thought. All in a moment, just as a personal fear of him had rushed over Charles, so did it now dash over Frank. Had he overheard?

For the notion somehow struck him that the man was not wanting Charles at all. But that he might be an emissary of Blase Pellet's, come here to look after himself.

* * * * * * * * *

John Jetty was the local carpenter. A master in a small way. His workshop was in the village, Grassmere, hard by Eagles' Nest; his dwelling-house was on the common, already told of. In this house he lived with his sister, Esther Jetty; a staid woman, more than ten years older than himself; he being a smart, talkative, active, and very intelligent man of two or three-and-thirty. The house, which they rented of Major Raynor, was larger than they required, and Esther Jetty was in the habit of letting a sitting and bed room in it when she could find a desirable lodger to occupy them.

On the Thursday in Passion Week, when she was in the midst of her house-cleaning for Easter, and in the act of polishing the outside of her spare sitting-room window, in which hung a card with "Lodgings" written on it, she noticed a man in grey clothes, who was sauntering up from the direction of the railway station, an over-coat on his arm, and a good-sized black bag in his hand.

"Some traveler from London," decided Esther Jetty, turning round to gaze at him: for a stranger in the quiet place was quite an event. "Come down here to spend Easter."

The thought had scarcely passed her mind, when, somewhat to her surprise, the stranger turned aside from the path, walked direct towards her, and took off his hat while he spoke.

"Have you lodgings to let?" he asked. "I see a card in your window."

"Yes sir, I have, two rooms," said she respectfully, for the courtesy of lifting his hat had favorably impressed her, and the tones of his voice were courteous also, not at all like those of an individual in humble station. "What a beard!" she thought to herself. "How smooth, and curly and silky it is!"

"I want to stay in this place for a few days," continued he, "and I am looking for lodgings. Perhaps yours would suit me."

Esther Jetty hastened to show the rooms. They were clean, comfortable, and prettily furnished; and the rent was ten shillings per week.

"It's not too much, sir at this season of the year when life summer's coming on," she hastened to say, lest the amount should be objected to. "I always try to make my lodgers comfortable, and cook for them and wait on them well. The last I had—a sick young woman and her little girl—stayed here all winter and spring, they only left three weeks ago."

The stranger's answer was to put down a sovereign. "That's the first week's rent in advance," said he. "With the change you can get in a couple of mutton chops for my dinner. I shall not give you much trouble." And in took possession of the rooms at once.

As the days had gone on, only a few as yet, Esther Jetty found that his promise of not giving much trouble was true. She had never had a lodger who gave less. He lived very simply. His dinner generally consisted of two mutton chops; his other food chiefly of eggs and bread-and-butter. It was glorious weather; and he passed nearly all his time out of doors.

Not a nook or corner of the immediate neighborhood escaped his keen eye, his (as it seemed) insatiable inquisitiveness. He penetrated to the small dwelling houses, good and bad, asking questions of the inmates, making free talk with them. He would stand by the half-hour together side by side with the out door laborers, saying that the land wanted this and that done to it, and demanding why it was not done. But, there could be no doubt that he was even more curious in regard to the Raynor family, and especially its eldest son, than he was as to the land and its laborers; and soon Esther and Jetty knew it well to believe this, or anything else against him, the next moment I shudder at the fate and the possibility of what may have been enacted. Perhaps through passion or accident—or I grow confused, I know not what I would say.

Oh my boy, my nephew, my dear brother Henry's only child! my heart is aching with dismay and doubt. I do believe you are innocent of all intention of harm, but my sight is growing dim. *Take care of yourself.* Hide yourself if need be and you best know whether there be need, or not from Blase Pellet. It is he who would be your enemy. I see it, and Andrew Float sees it. Beyond we know not why or wherefore. In any obscure nook of this wide world, shelter yourself from him. If he does indeed hold power in his hand, it may be over only chance or safety. I can write no more. God bless and help you! Farewell. Your loving and anxious

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On the Thursday in Passion Week, when she was in the midst of her house-cleaning for Easter, and in the act of polishing the outside of her spare sitting-room window, in which hung a card with "Lodgings" written on it, she noticed a man in grey clothes, who was sauntering up from the direction of the railway station, an over-coat on his arm, and a good-sized black bag in his hand.

"Some traveler from London," decided Esther Jetty, turning round to gaze at him: for a stranger in the quiet place was quite an event. "Come down here to spend Easter."

"Well, he is a bit haughty, sometimes," acknowledged the carpenter. "Folks have found him so. He is just home from Oxford, sir, and I fancy he has been spending pretty freely there: Lamb just said a word to me. But if you want pleasant speaking and cordial manners, you must go to the nephew, Mr. Frank."

"What is *he* doing here?" dryly asked the stranger, after a pause.

"He is a doctor, sir."

"A doctor! Is he in practice here?"

"Oh, no. He is wanting to set up in London, and staying down here till he does it."

"What is he waiting for?"

"Well, sir' for money, I guess. The Raynors are open people, and don't scruple to talk of things before their servants, so that there's not much but what's known. When the Mrs. Atkinson died, a good deal of stir arose about some money of hers that could not be found; thousands and thousands of pounds, it was said. It could neither be found, nor the papers relating to it."

"Is it not found?" asked the Tiger, stroking his silky beard.

"Not yet. The Major is anxiously waiting for it, not a doubt of it; misses, Lamb says, but he is sure to remark that it may turn up the next. Mr. Frank Raynor is to have some of this money to set him up in practice."

"Did Mrs. Atkinson leave no money to him? He must have been a relation of hers?"

"Oh, yes, she left money to him. I forget what it was now—a good sum, though."

"Why does he not begin with that?" questioned the Tiger, wonderingly.

"He has spent it, sir. He and his young wife went abroad, and lived away, I suppose. Any way, the money's gone, Lamb says. But Mr. Frank's as nice a fellow as ever lived."

"Did he—" began the stranger, and then broke off suddenly, as if in doubt whether or not to put the question; but in a moment went on firmly, "Did he ever live at Trennach in Cornwall?"

"Trennach? Yes, sir, I think that's the name. He was in practice there with another uncle, Mr. Hugh Raynor, and might have stopped there and came into the practice after him. A rare good opening for him, it's said; but he preferred to come else-where."

"Preferred to travel and see the world," spoke the stranger, cynically. "Are Major Raynor's revenues good ones?"

"Well, sir, I know in Mrs. Atkinson's time his income used to bring in a clear two thousand a year. And Major Raynor had of course an income before he came into it; but that, I hear, is only an annuity and goes from him at his death."

"Then, if his revenues amount to that—from two to three thousand a year—how is it that he does not do the repairs necessary on the estate, and keep up the land, and the cottages and outhouses, instead of the wretched serfs about him?" demanded the stranger, staring at Jetty.

Jetty shook his head. "I don't think it is the will that's wanted," replied he. "The Major seems to be thoroughly good-hearted; and Lamb says he is one of the easiest masters he could ever wish to serve. No, it is not the will, sir, that is wanting."

"What is it then? The money?"

Jetty nodded his head in the affirmative. "They live at such a rate, you see; and it's said the Major had a lot of back debts to pay when he came here. Altogether, he has nothing to spare."

"Then he ought to have," asserted the Tiger, tapping thoughtfully at his pipe that lay on the table. "This young Frank Raynor's wife, who is lying ill—had she no money?"

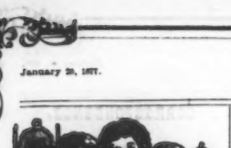
"No, sir. Her family have plenty, I expect, for they live at some grand place down in Cornwall. Frank fully believed that it was a runaway match that she and Mr. Frank made, so she couldn't expect any."

The Tiger nodded his head two or three times, as if in self-commune. "I see," said he. "These Raynors are an improvident set altogether. Thoughtless, cruel, selfish, upstart, and purse-proud. From what little I have noticed during the few days I have been here, and from what I hear you say, that is the impression they make upon me."

He took his pipe off the table as he spoke, knocked the ashes out of it, and put it in its case. An intimation, John Jetty thought, that his communing with it was over, and he went away, respectfully wishing good evening to his lodger.

Easter was over; and the time for going back to Oxford for the coming term was past. Charles Raynor had not gone to keep it. He had to confess to the Major that he did not care to go back without a good sum of money, apart from his allowance; he might have spent it long ago. He was not convenient to find the sum; so the Major decided that Charles must miss that one term, and keep the next.

The weeks went on. Charles had in a degree got over his dread of the Tiger—who still remained on in his lodgings—for it was now very evident that if that mysterious man's mission at Grassmere were to take him back suddenly



A Hard Life for Your Comfort.

As our young friends sit around their warm firesides enjoying themselves these cold winter evenings, it will help them better to appreciate their comfort to think of the dreary work which must be done by somebody, to provide the fuel with which the fires are kept so bright, and the home made so cheerful. Especially is the lot of those who provide coal a hard one.

Not only the miners who work in the darkness under ground must undergo severe and cheerless toil, but hundreds of boys are employed in preparing the coal for market by picking out all the bits of slate which are mingled with it as it comes from the mine.

One who has recently visited the coal mining regions thus describes what he saw the boys doing there:

In a little room in a big black shed—a room not twenty feet square—where a broken stove, red hot, tries vainly to warm the cold air that comes in through the open window, forty boys are picking their lives away. The floor of the room is inclined plane, and a stream of coal pours constantly in from some unseen place above, crosses the room, and pours out again into some unseen place below. Rough board seats stretch across the room, five or six rows of them, very low and very dirty, and on these the boys sit and separate the slate from the coal as it runs down the inclined plane. It is a painful sight to see the men going so silently and gloomily about their work, but it is a thousand times worse to see these boys. They work here, in this little black hole, all day and every day, trying to keep cool in summer, trying to keep warm in winter, picking away among the black coals, bending over till their little spines are curved, never saying a word all the livelong day.

I stood and watched these boys for a long time, without being seen by them, for their backs are turned toward the entrance door and the coal makes such a racket that they cannot hear anything a foot from their ears. They were muffled up in old coats and old shawls and old scarfs, and ragged mittens to keep their little hands from freezing; and as they sat and picked and picked, each their little heaps of lustreless slate by their sides, they looked more like so many little black dwarfs than like a party of fresh young boys. The air was cold enough and the work was lively enough to paint a boy's cheeks in rosy colors; but if there was a red cheek in the room it was well hidden under the coating of black dust that covered everything. These little fellows go to work in this cold, dreary room at 7 o'clock in the morning and work till it is too dark to see any longer. For this they get from one to three dollars a week. One result of their work is to clean, free coal, that burns away to ashes in the grate; another result I found in a little miners' graveyard, beside a pretty little church, where more than every other stone bears the name of some little fellow under fifteen years of age. If any one of these boys could have his choice between lying in the silent church-yard or staying in the living grave on the top of the black hill, I firmly believe that he would choose the quiet rest in the hillside.

ONLY ONE OF A KIND.

No two things are exactly alike. "What!" exclaims some boy who has not thought of this before, "are not two blades of grass, or two leaves from the same tree just like each other?" When spring comes, look for yourself and see if it be not so. It may take sharp eyes and long looking to find the difference, and you may have to use a magnifying glass to make sure in the matter, but somewhere will be found such a variation that you can distinguish one from the other.

Twin children often look much alike, and even the parents are sometimes puzzled to tell which is which, but each will have some mark to show that he is himself and nobody else.

Now you may be sure this is for some wise purpose. The Creator might have made all exactly alike. Why was it not done?

Think for a moment of the consequences if each boy exactly resembled every other boy, and all men and all women were the same in appearance. Who could pick out his relations, or tell his friends from strangers or from foes? Who could transact any kind of business? Nobody could be sure that he was delivering goods to the right man, or asking the proper person to pay a bill, or that any certain individual had committed a crime. It is easy to see that such an arrangement would entirely upset society, and each man would have to get along by himself as best he might.

If you examine a chest of tools and find no two alike, it is easy to understand that each one was made for some particular use; to do some special work which it can do better than any one of a different shape. Just so with men, and with boys. There are some things which you can do, some thoughts for you to think, which no one else can do as well. Think of that.

Is it not something to be proud of that each one of us has a distinguishing mark; that there is a special work laid out for each one; that the Creator who made us thus has a special individual regard for each one of us, for he has taken special pains with each. This will be enough to think about for at least a week, and so we leave the subject with you.

HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

Almost all the marbles with which boys everywhere amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on sidewalks and in sandy spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in the neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to account in providing the small stone balls for experts to knuckle with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovel into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bed-stone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bed-stone, where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a half bushel of good marbles, all ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn 160,000 marbles per week.

THE CHURCH SPIDER.

Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living time,
Entered the meeting-house one day,
And hopefully were heard to say—
"Here we will have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work—
The light webs grew apace;
One on the altar spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off, and as he had dread,
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely in a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure no spider there has been—
Besides, how often I have I seen
The pastor brushing flies."

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionaries;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoiled his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half starved and weak and lean,
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed a fraction of a pound,
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
While you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answered—"not a loss
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution box."

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF THE SHWAY DAGONG.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

Three weeks we spent in roaming over the quaint old Burmese city of Rangoon, and a pleasant chapter it forms in the volume of oriental experiences, reviewed even at this distance, with a bubbling up of the old pleasure, as the familiar scenes pop in panoramic fashion before the mind's eye.

I enjoyed, of course, the princely hospitality, that always bids welcome every European stranger, to the really good English society of the towns. But my chief interest lay in the native splendors of Rangoon, of which, de-pite its occupation by the English, as a military post, enough yet remains to attract the admiration of the occidental tourist. Its stately palms and curious pagodas, its numerous kyonqas, and the remains of palaces once the boast of Burmah's proud monarchs, its mammoth bells, and far-famed Shway Dagong, or "Golden Temple," afforded more than ample entertainment for all the time we could spend in this ancient city. Ancient in its history and location it certainly is, but of a city so often almost wholly demolished by fire, little of the original material probably remains.

One of these conflagrations, perhaps the earliest of which we have any note, occurred in about 1850, and by the destruction of a few public buildings, left scarcely a house uninjured, while a large proportion of them were reduced to ashes. Another fire happened in March, 1871, with about the same results; and the tragedy has been repeated about half a score of times since. All the houses except the temples and palaces being of the very lightest materials, burn rapidly, and as no attempt is ordinarily made to arrest the flames, they spread from street to street till the fire dies out at last simply for want of more food for its devouring tongues. The same true of conflagrations all over the East. From the Persian Gulf to the China Sea, through all the cities of southern Asia, there occur ever and anon these terrible fires; and though the inhabitants often have their entire worldly possessions thus swept from them in an hour, so indolent of habit are these orientals, and such blind devotees of "Fate," that they stand sullenly gazing at the ruin, with arms folded, and apparently not a nerve or a muscle disturbed, and watch the burning of a house or city as calmly as they would smoke a hereod.

While the Burmese kings held dominion in Rangoon no brick buildings except those belonging to the government or consecrated to their religion, were permitted, from the foolish fear of fortifications being erected by the common people that might render possible a revolt against their rulers. The same idea and the same restriction has prevailed in Siam down to the immaterial down to the beginning of the last reign.

Of Rangoon's famous bells, Alompra's and Tharranadi's, the last is a very marvel. It is composed entirely of silver and gold, and is covered with mystic inscriptions and gravings of the quaintest workmanship. It is said to weigh rather more than forty-five tons, and twelve full-grown men can easily handle it with ease. At its casting, such was the enthusiasm of the people, that crowds of women and children came every day, and divesting themselves of their dearly-loved ornaments, threw rings, bracelets and bangles into the bubbling monster cauldron, hoping thereby to share in the "merit" this great work was to bring to its donors. It is easy still to trace in some portions of the mammoth bell the form of rings and anklets; and a few Buddhist priests "of the baser sort" derive quite a revenue from pretending to point out to credulous women their own loved ornaments thus immortalized.

The magnificent Shway Dagong stands about two miles from the river, on a rocky eminence, the highest ledge of a range of hills. The elevation has been increased by a succession of brick terraces laid one above another, the topmost one being two hundred feet above the level of the river. The ascent is made by means of a flight of broad stone steps, that are covered from sun and rain by a gradation of curiously carved roofs, supported by huge wooden pillars. Thus shrouded in gloom, the way was wearisome enough, but one must do, some repaid by the transcendent beauty that met our gaze on reaching the top. There, set in its framework of stately palm and tropic flowers, and the gorgeous occidental pagoda, spread out broadly at the base and then gradually tapering to a slender spire, the entire height being more than three hundred feet, all gleaming with gold and bespangled with precious stones. Towering still above, losing itself among the fleecy clouds, is the *tee*, or umbrella of open iron-work, that crowns the summit of the spire; and beneath it hang a multitude of tiny golden bells, each with a fan suspended to its clapper, to catch the passing breeze and ring out sweet music on the balmy, flower-freighted atmosphere. The *total ensemble* produced on the mind of one who visits this fairy scene in the still night hours, an impression never to be effaced. Both *tee* and spire are heavily gilded, and superbly decorated, reflecting the rays of bright Tropic sunshine in most gorgeous tints; but withal, the night view was the most enjoyable, and photographed itself most vividly on my mind. The placing of the *tee* on a Pagoda, is always a ceremony of solemn significance, the real consecration of the temple, after which the divinity is supposed to take possession.

Nearly every portion of the Shway Dagong that meets the eye, looks like a mass of gleaming gold. It is, in reality, covered with heavy plates of the precious metal, all except three shining silver roofs. The main Pagoda is surrounded by many smaller ones, and every niche in both large and small, where it is possible to place an image, contains a figure of Gandama, the last Buddah. Some are of pure gold, very many of solid silver, and the remainder of gilded, gold or silver-plated. They vary also in dimensions; but in all, the features are identical—the same high cheek bones, broad forehead, and look of abstraction, the supposed contemplation of the god during his last incarnation.

We were fortunate in the time of our visit, thus being able to witness the solemnities of the great annual festival, which lasts three days, and is attended by tens of thousands of devotees, each of whom comes laden with an offering for the god. Asella's Temple boasts the possession of a genuine relic of Gandama; pilgrims and priests often come from a great distance to attend the festival; and this single hair from the sacred head thus comes to be a treasure of untold value in replenishing the coffers of the church. The day we saw, it consisted mainly of gold and jewels, of immense value, and generally arranged in quaintly-tasteful devices. A miniature Brahming bow of emerald had been placed on its horns a chaplet of costly pearls; the eyes of a golden bird of paradise were formed of diamonds, and in his beak was held a rose fashioned of rubies, and a fan of the finest birds of leaves of emeralds, was filled with all manner of precious stones clustered together in the form of fruits, and the whole was placed upon a massive stand of pure gold. Besides these and other costly offerings, there were whole rolls of silk and muslin for the making of priestly garments, all yellow of course, (the clerical color); piles of long-handled fans, fifteen feet high; several tons of cheroots and betel-nuts, for the special solace of these lordly sons of the church, the vicegerents of their god. Nor had the more humble attache's of the temple been forgotten. For the sole benefit of the nuns and slaves who perform the musical services of the establishment, I saw several trees and large bushes loaded with useful and ornamental household utensils, with books, prints, and confectionary; and looking not unlike our Christmas trees. For everybody, it was a grand gala, and as everything was on the best possible humor, we had no difficulty in getting whatever we desired, or getting civil answers to our countless questions.

As regards the worship, it was hardly what we would term barbarism' would dignify with such a name. From morn to night, yellow-robed priests were chanting in measured tones, passages from the Ball fac-Sacred Books; in offering each other, some were coming and others going all the time, their careless steps ringing upon the marble and inlaid floors, and sending forth a continuous echo through the broad halls. But nobody seemed to mind the interruption, for in truth, I think, no one was paying the least attention to the priests or their sacred chants. Each worshipper on entering, prostrated his self before one of the idols, prostrated himself several times in reverent adoration, and then crawled out backwards, very much in the manner of a reversed reptile; and evidently glad that five minutes requirement of his religion had been satisfied, leaving the remainder of the day to be disposed of in such pastimes as lay within his reach. These consisted chiefly of the most fantastical performances, Jugglery and gambling. Many of the actors fenced with great dexterity, and their feats in leaping and tumbling were ludicrous in the extreme—the gymnast disappearing in the most impossible manner, and always turning up where he was least expected. I looked into one of the many temporary theatres erected on the grounds, but I was rewarded with only screams very harsh music, and the concluding portion of an execrable comedy. The snake-charming, like all oriental jugglery, was equally entertaining for the performers, and the display of fireworks in the evening, with a trip across the ocean, to witness.

HERE AND THERE.

YOUNG women should set good examples for the young men are always following them.

A VERY polite lady, who did not wish to ask for a cinder, asked the stove-keeper if he had any ashes to spare.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went in one ear and out the other.

THE only way some people can keep their names untarnished is to make Bridget spend half her time scouring the door-plate.

THE "Milton gang" have taken up their quarters in Washington, but they will not be allowed to run around on the public highway.

EASTON *Free Press*: The best way to discourage a boy is to seek a slightly slippery place on the icy pavement, and then, when the boy gains his confidence, trip him up.

PHILADELPHIA *Bulletin*: It is rather unkind to present a maiden lady with a copy of "Paradise Lost." The title is too suggestive now days, and she may feel hurt.

YONKERS *Gazette*. The religion that this country needs is one that will make a man remember that it is the duty of his wife to get up and "build a fire as for himself."

DANBURY *News*: Great Britain pulled over 4,000,000 tons for tonnaging duties in 1875. I cannot be told how much America paid in the same time, so much of it was charged.

DETROIT *Free Press*: Suspicious looking drug fellers should not take up a load of bread post office during the next two weeks. This is the season when the books are balanced.

ROWLAND HILL was once requested to engrave a motto on a ring, and he returned it replied: "Have the goodness to mark the object with a piece of chalk so that I may know them." The request was not insisted on.

BROOKLYN *Argus*: The Brooklyn Young Men's Debating Club are discussing the question, "What can one poor, weak woman, with a child, do against a tyrannical husband who crawls under the bed and refuses to come out?"

ST. LOUIS *Republican*. Mark Twain's patent scrap book has a composite thing after all having proved an abject failure as a receptacle for scraps. A man who has seen the tomb of Adam ought to have shown forethought about this thing.

FULTON *Times*: You can always tell whether a buzz saw is going or not by simply feeling of it, but it generally takes about as long to find the end of your finger as it would to have gone and asked the foreman of the shop if the thing was in motion.

Encouragement for the Feeble.

Debility, whether it be inherent, or caused by overtaxed strength or protracted illness, has a most depressing influence upon the mind, breeding an abject melancholy nearly akin to despair, and enfeebles the ambitionment of cherished projects and high hopes. Happily, the enfeebled system, even in extreme cases, is susceptible of invigoration. It is proved by incontrovertible evidence that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an unfailing strengthener of the frail, and that in addition to vitalizing the physical organization, it establishes regularity among those organs upon whose efficient discharge of the duties imposed on them by nature, continued vigor and health depend. Thousands of instances might be cited to show the regenerating influence of this health giving agent in cases of debility, liver disease dyspepsia, nervous ailments, constipation, intermittent fever, urinary and uterine troubles, gout and rheumatism, and other maladies.

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Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want to regulate your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
If you do, you must use KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON
If you do try KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON
It is only a trial of a few days required to
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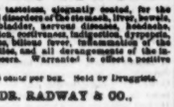

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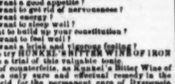

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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
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Signed by the following Jurors and being the unanimous decision of the Jury:
J. C. MCCURDY, Chairman, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. R. HAWLEY, Fresno, California.
CHARLES ROBERTS, Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY C. WATSON, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM SCHUMACHER, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. LEVASSEUR, 68 RUE MONTHOLON, PARIS, FRANCE.
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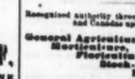

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Splendid assortment of Plants sent safely by mail everywhere. Safe arrival and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Send 3 cent stamp for descriptive circular.
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CENTEN'L EXHIBITION
It contains 200 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition, and is the only full and complete history of the Centennial. It tells all about the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE FASHIONS.

We have seen some very handsome long cloaks this season, but one of *drap d'été* has pleased us most of all.

It was made to fit in somewhat to the figure in the back, and reached nearly down to the hem of the dress. The sleeves were of the Dolman shape, and were long and graceful, being set in at the shoulder with a double box pleat.

The cloak was lined throughout with heavy flannel and had wadding about the upper part of it.

The fronts and around the edges were lined with a facing of silk.

A border of fur surrounds the outer edge and cuffs, also forming a small collar for the neck.

The pockets have also fur borders, and the deep sleeves are trimmed with fur.

Large handsomely carved jet buttons close the front, and one deep pocket ornaments the right side.

Loaves formed of wide braid and placed in groups of three, with passementerie tassels, are pinned upon the pockets and outer seams of the sleeves, near the edge. A muff of black *drap d'été*, fur-bordered, accompanied the cloak.

For warmth and graceful elegance nothing could excel this garment.

A walking dress of dark blue silk and cashmere combined, had the underskirt of cashmere, with a silk flounce; this flounce being bound top and bottom with a bias piece of cashmere.

The overdress was a polonaise, long and but slightly draped, and made of the cashmere, bordered with silk cut bias, and having silk sleeves.

A deep pleated pocket of silk, bordered top and bottom with cashmere, was placed on the right side.

Small tassels of passementerie adorned it.

The front of the polonaise was buttoned with small sta-bling buttons of silk, and was closed diagonally. Four rows of buttons were used.

A small round standing collar finished the neck. Sleeves of silk, with cashmere cuffs trimmed with the small studding buttons. A pleating of silk was placed down the centre of the back of the waist.

CORDS AND ENDS.

A new trimming for Mohair and similar materials, consists of a woolen web about an inch, or an inch and a half wide, through which are drawn loops of woolen braid, which stand up in tufts on the right side, giving a mossy effect.

Dunstar polonaise are very much worn.

The huge pannier bustles which extremists affect, are not in favor with persons of good taste, and are not seen in the Parisian fashions at all.

Amber necklaces are much worn,—the clear and opaque beads alternating.

Belts have entirely gone out except for home wear.

Cream color and cardinal continue the favorite thus for evening wear.

Dark green veils are good for the eyes when snow is upon the ground; its color is soothing and tempers the glare.

Looped skirts prevail among sensible people for the promenade.

Seal-skin muffers, and wristlets are worn by gentlemen and youths, also the fleece-lined seal-skin gloves.

Very long cloaks are prevalent.

Children of both sexes wear cardinal and dark blue Merino long stockings.

Black felt boots lined with Canton flannel are among the comfortable articles shown for ladies' wear.

Black cashmere and silk hoods are worn bordered with seal fur.

Shoulder shawls of fine cashmere are shown.

Thanks are due Messrs. Horner & Colladay for information received

OUR WORK TABLE.

We give in this number the directions for making a

FOOT MUFF.

This will be found an essential article in our extremely cold winters.

The materials required are one yard of brown reps, woolen material; one yard of red or other colored flannel; two sheets of cotton batting, or the unglazed cotton roll; two ounces of brown or gray wool; one yard of brown unglazed cambric.

Cut from the brown cambric a semi-circular piece measuring three-eighths of a yard across the base or straight part and thirteen inches across that part from the centre of the rounded side to the centre of the straight line.

Cut a similar piece for the under part, only making it thirteen inches, instead of three-eighths across the widest part, and twelve inches from the centre of the base to the centre of the rounded part.

Cut similar pieces from the red or other flannel, also the cotton rolling.

We omitted in its proper place to mention that three or four yards of wide brown braid are needed.

Lay first a piece of the brown reps, face downwards on a table; that piece which has the straight part, three-eighths in length; lay upon that a piece of brown cambric of a similar length and shape.

Next a layer of the cotton rolling—or as it is called, wadding. Last of all, the lining of red flannel.

Baste them carefully together; then with a strong thread of brown twist, or button-hole silk, divide the surface into small diamonds. The object of dividing this, is simply to make a strong double knot on the end of the silk, the needle through the thicknesses of flannel, reps, batting and cambric, leaving the knot on the flannel side. Ink silk close to the knot, passing through once or twice, fasten off on the flannel side.

Braid around the edges of the flags with the brown braid.

This section or flap is for the upper part.

Prepare the underside in a similar manner, and also bind its edges.

Place the two sections, one above the other, fitting the rounded parts and sides, carefully together, turning the flannel side inwards.

Sew with a strong brown silk thread, and in an over-cast; stitch the straight part open, sides together, the straight part open.

Cast on moderately thick steel needles twelve stitches of the brown reps yarn.

Knit one row plain. Knit the second row in moss stitch, that is, wind the wool three or four times around your finger, and take up the threads, knitting them into one stitch.

Knit the next row plain, then one of moss stitch, and so continue until a piece sufficiently long has been done to go around the outside of the straight part of the muff, on the upper side, and the inside of the lower straight side.

Now attach the cord to each side of the straight or open part.

This is simply to carry it by.

If preferred, the muff may be ornamented on the upper side with braiding or embroidery. A pretty fancy is to have the monogram of the owner wrought upon it. When done, lay it down with the straight or open sides next to the feet and the round ends away. Slip the feet in. Many persons use the little bottles of hot water in these foot-muffs, resting the feet upon the bottle.

They will be found very comfortable for church or driving or any occasion where by long sitting the feet grow cold and numb. We furnish paper patterns with full descriptions for putting together for twenty-five cents and two stamps for mailing.

Materials can also be furnished at reasonable rates. Money must be sent with the order in advance.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. Gardner, Ind.—Your inquiry will find an answer in our "Work Table Department" of this issue.

Mrs. L. J.—The white Nansook robe will be very appropriate for the christening dress. We think the cloth divided by Valenciennes insertion will be preferable to lace.

The cloak should have a deep cape add more lined with quilted silk. It may be trimmed with folds of silk or else heavily embroidered. Fringe can be added if you fancy it. The deep hooded fringe should be used.

MINOR.

FADED LAVENDER.

How prone we are to hide and hoard,
Safe little tokens love has stored,
To tell of happy hours!
We keep amidst the heather care
A tattered book, a curl of hair,
A bunch of faded flowers!

When Death has led with pulseless hand
Our darlings to the silent land,
And life we sit bereft,
But time passes, and once we rise,
Our dead being buried from our eyes,
We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sang,
The little flute whose music rang
So cheerily of old;
The pictures we have watched them paint,
The last-plucked flowers with odor faint,
That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverend care
The robes they, living, used to wear;
And painful pulses stir,
As o'er the relics of our dead,
With bitter rain of tears, we spread
Pale, purple lavender.

And when we come in after years,
With only memory left to cheer,
On clocks once white with care,
To look at treasures put away
Despairing of a better day,
A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gathered them,
These fragrant flowers of memory stem
In bare of all its bloom.
Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here,
To bind our earlier sacred, dear,
Their beautiful perfume.

It whispers of the long ago,
Its love, its loss, its aching woe,
And burning sorrows stir;
And tears like those we shed of old
Roll down our cheeks as we behold
Our faded lavender.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

In Three Chapters.

CHAPTER III.

How wonderful is the blue dawning of the new day before the sun! not rosy-fingered, like that picture of the Greeks who come later with all her wealth; but still, dreamy, wonderful, stealing out of the unseen, abashed by the solemnity of the new birth. When anxious watchers see that first brightness stealing upon the waiting land, that mingled relief and renewal of misery is in it! another long day to toil through—yet another and night over! Lord Gowrie sat among the dust and cold ashes, his lamp flickering into the blue morning. He had heard his son's human voice, though nothing more; and he expected to have him brought out by invisible hands, as had happened to himself, left lying in long deathly swoon outside that mystic door.

This was how it had happened to their after heir, as told from father to son, one after another, as the secret came down. One or two bearers of the name of Lindores had never recovered; most of them had been saddened and subdued for life. He remembered sadly the freshness of existence which had never come back to himself; the hopes that had never blossomed again; the assurance with which never more he had been able to go about the world. And now his son would be as himself—the glory gone out of his living—all ambitions, his aspirations wrecked. He had not been endowed as his boy was—he had been a plain, honest man, and nothing more; but experience and life had given him wisdom enough to smile by the coquetries of mind in which Lindores indulged. Were they all over now, those freaks of young intelligence, those enthusiasms of the soul? The curse of the house had come upon him—the magnetism of that strange presence, ever living, ever watchful, present in all the family history.

His heart was sore for his son; and yet along with this there was a certain consolation to him in having henceforward a partner in the secret—some one to whom he could talk of it a- he had not been able to talk since his wife died. Almost all the mental struggles which Gowrie had known had been connected with this mystery; and he had been obliged to hide them in his bosom—to conceal them even when they rent him in two. Now he had a partner in his trouble. This was what he was thinking as he sat through the night. How slowly the moments passed! He was not aware of the daylight coming in. After a while even thought got suspended in listening. Was not the time nearly over? He rose and began to pace about the enclosed space, which was but a step or two in extent. There was an old cupboard in the wall, in which there were restoratives—pungent essences and cordials, and fresh water, which he had himself brought—everything he was ready; and at the ghastly body of his boy, half dead, would be thrust forth into his care.

But this was not how it happened. While he waited, so intent that his whole frame seemed to be capable of hearing, he heard the closing of the door, boldly shut with a resolute bang, then a hasty, impatient sound that rose in muffled echoes through the house, and Lindores himself appeared, the ghastly indeed as dead man, but walking upright and firmly, the lines of his face drawn, and his eyes staring. Lord Gowrie uttered a cry. He was more alarmed by this unexpected return than by the helpless prostration of the swoon which he had expected. He recoiled from his son as if he had been a spirit. "Lindores!" he cried; was it Lindores, or some one else in his place? The boy seemed as if he did not see him. He went straight forward to where the water stood on the dusty table, and took a great draught, then turned to the door. "Lindores!" said his father, in inexplicable curiosity; "don't you know me?" Even then the young man only half looked at him, and put out a hand almost as cold as the hand that had clutched him under the Secret Chamber; a faint smile came upon his face. "Don't stay here," he whispered; "come! come!"

Lord Gowrie drew his son's arm within his own, and felt the thrill through and through him of nerves strained beyond mortal strength. He could scarcely keep up with him as he stalked along the corridor to his room, stumbling as if he could not see, yet swift as an arrow. When they reached his room he turned and closed and locked the door, then laughed as he staggered to the bed. "That will not keep him out, will it?" he said.

"Lindores!" said his father, "I expected to find you unconscious. I am almost more frightened to find you like this. I need not ask if you have seen him."

"Oh, I have seen him. The old liar! Father, promise to expose him, to turn him out—promise to clear out this accursed old nest! It is our own fault. We have let such a place about us—from the eye of day? Father, there something in the Bible about those who do evil hating the light?"

"Lindores! you don't often quote the Bible."

"No, I suppose not; but there is more truth in—many things than we thought."

"Lie down," said the anxious father. "Take some of this wine—try to sleep."

"Take it away; give me no more of that devil's drink. Talk to me—that's better. Did you go through it all the same, poor papa?—and hold me fast. You are warm—you are honest." he cried. He put forth his hands over his father's, warming them with the contact. He put his cheek against his father's arm. He gave a faint laugh, with the tears in his eyes. "Warm and honest," he repeated. "Kind flesh and blood! and did you go through it all the same?"

"My boy!" cried the father, feeling his heart glow and swell over the son who had been parted from him for years by that development of young manhood and ripening intellect which so often severs and leaves the ties of home. Lord Gowrie had felt that Lindores half despised his simple mind and duller imagination; but this childlike clinging overcame him, and tears stood in his eyes. "I fainted, I suppose. I never knew how it ended. They made what they liked of me. But you, my brave boy, you came out of your own will."

Lindores shivered. "I fled!" he said. "No honour in that. I had not courage to face him longer. I will tell you by-and-by. But I want to know about you."

What an ease it was to the father to speak! For years and years this had been his great threat. It had made him lonely in the midst of friends.

"Thank God," he said, "that I can speak to you, Lindores. Often and often I have been tempted to tell your mother. But why should I make her miserable? She knows there is something; she knows when I see him, but she knows no more."

"When you see him?" Lindores raised himself, with a return of his ghastly look, to his feet. He raised his clutched fist wildly, and shook it in the air. "Vile devil, coward, deceiver!"

"Oh hush, hush, hush, Lindores! God help us! what trouble you may bring!"

"And God help me, whatever troubles I bring," said the young man. "I defy him, father. An accursed being like that must be lost, not merciful, than we are—left with God to back us. Only stand by me; stand by me——"

"Hush, Lindores! You don't feel it yet—never to get out of hearing of him all your life! he will make you pay for it—if not now, after; when you remember he is there, whatever happens, knowing everything! But I hope it will not be so long, with you as with me, poor boy. God with you as with me, indeed if it is, for you have more imagination and more mind. I am able to forget him sometimes when I am occupied—when in the hunting-field, going across country. You are not a hunting man, my poor boy," said Lord Gowrie, with a curious mixture of a regret, which was less serious than the other. "But he is there, he is there, this is what has happened to me since the moment I gave him my hand."

"I did not give him my hand."

"You did not give him your hand? God bless you, my boy! You stood out?" he said, with tears again rushing to his eyes; "and they say—they say—but I don't know if there is any truth in it." Lord Gowrie got up from his son's arm, and walked up and down with excited steps. "If there should be truth in it! Many people think the whole thing is a fancy. If there should be truth in it, Lindores!"

"In what, father?" said the young man, with a look upon the pillow. He was so pale that there were moments when the anxious watcher thought him not sleeping but dead. He put his hand out feebly, and grasped his father's hand. "Warm—hungry," he said, with a feeble smile about his lips, and fell asleep.

The daylight was full in the room, breaking through the window and curtains, and paling that of the lamp that still flared on the table. It seemed an emblem of the disorders, mental and material, of this strange night; and, as such, it seemed to the father's imagination as if Gowrie, who would have fain got up to extinguish it, and whose mind returned again and again, in spite of him, to this symptom of disturbance, extend. There was an old cupboard in the wall, in which there were restoratives—pungent essences and cordials, and fresh water, which he had himself brought—everything he was ready; and at the ghastly body of his boy, half dead, would be thrust forth into his care.

But this was not how it happened. While he waited, so intent that his whole frame seemed to be capable of hearing, he heard the closing of the door, boldly shut with a resolute bang, then a hasty, impatient sound that rose in muffled echoes through the house, and Lindores himself appeared, the ghastly indeed as dead man, but walking upright and firmly, the lines of his face drawn, and his eyes staring. Lord Gowrie uttered a cry. He was more alarmed by this unexpected return than by the helpless prostration of the swoon which he had expected. He recoiled from his son as if he had been a spirit. "Lindores!" he cried; was it Lindores, or some one else in his place? The boy seemed as if he did not see him. He went straight forward to where the water stood on the dusty table, and took a great draught, then turned to the door. "Lindores!" said his father, in inexplicable curiosity; "don't you know me?" Even then the young man only half looked at him, and put out a hand almost as cold as the hand that had clutched him under the Secret Chamber; a faint smile came upon his face. "Don't stay here," he whispered; "come! come!"

Lord Gowrie drew his son's arm within his own, and felt the thrill through and through him of nerves strained beyond mortal strength. He could scarcely keep up with him as he stalked along the corridor to his room, stumbling as if he could not see, yet swift as an arrow. When they reached his room he turned and closed and locked the door, then laughed as he staggered to the bed. "That will not keep him out, will it?" he said.

"Lindores!" said his father, "I expected to find you unconscious. I am almost more frightened to find you like this. I need not ask if you have seen him."

"Oh, I have seen him. The old liar! Father, promise to expose him, to turn him out—promise to clear out this accursed old nest! It is our own fault. We have let such a place about us—from the eye of day? Father, there something in the Bible about those who do evil hating the light?"

"Lindores! you don't often quote the Bible."

"No, I suppose not; but there is more truth in—many things than we thought."

"Lie down," said the anxious father. "Take some of this wine—try to sleep."

"Take it away; give me no more of that devil's drink. Talk to me—that's better. Did you go through it all the same, poor papa?—and hold me fast. You are warm—you are honest." he cried. He put forth his hands over his father's, warming them with the contact. He put his cheek against his father's arm. He gave a faint laugh, with the tears in his eyes. "Warm and honest," he repeated. "Kind flesh and blood! and did you go through it all the same?"

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